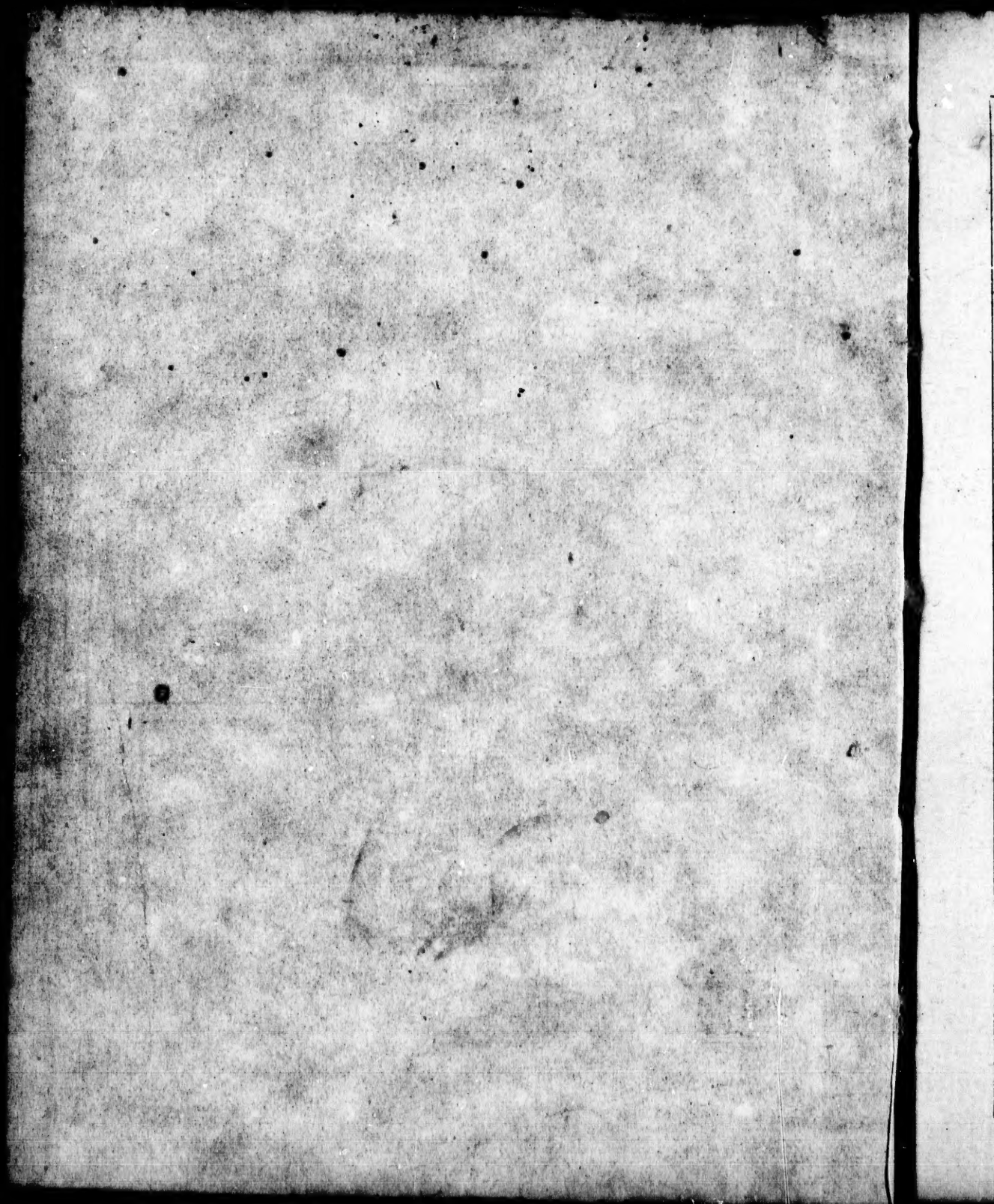




GABRIEL WEST,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MARGARET GILL CURRIE.

FREDERICTON, N. B.:

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MAY 16 1928

TO THE
DESCENDENTS OF THE LOYALISTS
THROUGHOUT THE
PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK,
THE FOLLOWING WORK
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

M. G. CURRIE.

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF

THE

STATE OF

NEW YORK

IN SENATE

January 1, 1880

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

PREFACE.

It is with feelings of unfeigned diffidence that I subject these little poems to the inspection of the public.

It has often been observed that something should be done to preserve the memory of the LOYALISTS from oblivion. I have felt the force of the remark, and determined to contribute my mite for that purpose: hence the subject of the longest poem, which is founded upon facts.

Many of my shorter poems were composed between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. Though they are very wild and fanciful, yet, as they were the "numbers that came" almost without an effort at that early age, I concluded to send them forth with the rest.

I shall not attempt to apologise for any of the numerous defects and errors of this work; but hope for forbearance in the intelligent reader, and liberality on the part of critics.

MARGARET GILL CURRIE.

Fredericton, N. B., August, 1866.

THE BACON

It is a well known fact that the Bacon is a very common article of food in the United States. It is made of pork, and is usually served with applesauce. The Bacon is a very healthy food, and is very easy to digest. It is also a very delicious food, and is enjoyed by many people. The Bacon is a very common article of food in the United States. It is made of pork, and is usually served with applesauce. The Bacon is a very healthy food, and is very easy to digest. It is also a very delicious food, and is enjoyed by many people.

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GABRIEL WEST.

GABRIEL WEST.

FROM that drear region where the cold Chaleur
Washes New Brunswick's icy, northern shore;
To southward, where the sparkling waters lie,
Of broad, deep Fundy, mirroring back the sky:
Bright streams unsung, unstoried though they be,
Water a land that's fertile, brave, and free;
That sees, unenvying; the wealth possessed
By her proud, boasting neighbor of the West;
And greeteth, as with kindly sister's hand,
The western county of Acadia's land.
Her mighty forests, where, in wintry day,
Muster her stalwart sons in strong array;
(A man is famous in such scenes as these,
As he doth lift his axe upon the trees;)
Her hills that brighten in the smile of morn,
Her rich, low vales, where wave tall grass and corn;
Her summer sunsets, and her spring-tide days;
Her woodland birds, that warble sweet, wild lays;
Her mossy brooks, her rivers fair and wide,
That roll their ample waves to ocean's tide;

The glories that the frosts of autumn shed
O'er all the land by bounteous harvests fed;
And, more than all, the fearful majesty
Of the fierce storms that rend her wintry sky
Are dear unto my heart: I love the whole
With the deep pathos of an earnest soul.
My heart rejoices in the right to praise
That country as my own, in simple, homely lays.
I love to pour on youth's attentive ear,
The tales I from my father used to hear;
Traditions that his father treasured well
Of what his comrades and himself befel,
When the rich colonies impetuous broke
That sway they deemed a galling, iron yoke;
And when had ceased the fratricidal war,
And they (our fathers) reached this lonely shore;
Of their first meetings with their neighbors rude,
The red men of the forest solitude,
Whose numerous tribes then roamed New Bruns-
wick through,
Though they are wasted to a handful now.
The tale was sad, and yet I loved it best,
That of his honored comrade Gabriel West.
When second George the righteous sceptre swayed,
And Pennsylvania his mild rule obeyed,
In that sweet sylvan land by Schuylkill's stream,
Gabriel first saw the light of morning beam;
He grew to manhood there ere noise of war
Came sounding inland from the Eastern shore.

Now, Gabriel's sire an honest living made
By masonry in stone — an humble trade;
He trained his son from boyhood's early day
To labor, fear his God, his king obey.
Our hero had a generous, noble heart,
A mind sublime, though cultured but in part;
He learned his father's trade with lowly aim,
Sighed for no praise but an untarnished name,
Hoped for a life of peace with honest toil,
A grave at last 'neath Pennsylvanian soil;
And to gild sweetly all life's checkered day,
The smile and tender love of Margaret Clay.
Already by the Schuylkill's gliding stream,
Gabriel had dug the stone and squared the beam,
To build a cottage that he dreamed would be
The home of love and sweet security;
For he had dreams, like all of mortal birth —
Dreams of pure happiness on this sad earth.
But war's hoarse cry from East and North that
came,
Banished his dreams, and set his soul on flame.
That cry, that roused the land throughout its
length,
And called abroad its latent, giant strength,
Was heard alike in peaceful woodland homes,
In bustling markets, and in stately domes.
That wild, alarming cry pierced every ear;
To some it spoke of glory, some of fear;
To all, of some strange, mighty revolution near.

And Gabriel soon through all his country saw
Contempt and hate of England cloaked no more.
But he with steadfast, honest heart, and true,
Still owned his fealty to his sovereign due,
And deemed that war a Heaven accursed thing
That subjects wage against their lawful king.
His aged sire and elder brethren swayed
By self-styled patriots that alone inveighed
Against the right of the good parent land
To stay her children 'neath her wise command,
Longed for their land to bear a nation's fame,
And earn, 'mid tribes of earth, a warlike name;
And Gabriel found, ere long, his fiercest foes,
From 'mid his household friends and neighbors rose,
But one there was whose heart was still the same —
One who still loved the sound of Gabriel's name;
Though kin with chidings and upbraidings sore
Forbade that love which they approved before;
But when did chidings or upbraidings move
A woman's heart from its first, only love?
And Margaret's was in truth a heart sincere,
That deemed its vows, though breathed in Gabriel's
ear,
Sacred as if at joyous marriage feast,
Witnessed and registered by gowned priest,
Ere many days our hero with a few
Whose hearts to royal George and Heaven were
true,
Entered the lists for the fierce, cruel war

That raged relentless towards the Eastern shore.
He stole to bid his chosen one farewell,
Once more his vows to breathe, his love to tell.
They met, as oft before, beneath the moon, —
It gilded then the sapphire skies of June.
How short the time since they had seen its light,
With hearts as cloudless as that summer night!
Now dark clouds veiled their youthful hearts in
 shade,
But hope and love a silvery lining made.
She heard with sinking soul he must depart,
Yet bade him keep a brave and loyal heart;
Hers was no whining, soft, romantic strain, —
She stifled sobs and tears to save him pain,
And told him for his good her fervent prayer
Should pierce the sky, and find acceptance there.
He deemed the deadly conflict soon must cease,
The land erelong be hushed again to peace;
And when was calmed the rage, and roar, and strife,
Then would he claim her for his wedded wife.
She promised that where'er his lot might be,
In their own land or o'er the wide blue sea,
'Neath tropic sun, or at the farthest pole,
She would his pleasures share, his pains console.
They parted thus with spirits firm and strong,
With hope to meet again on earth ere long, —
Parted as those who feel the lofty faith
That naught can sever their fond hearts save death.
What need have I to trace the devious road

That for two years our hero's footsteps trod?
At length, beneath the gallant Howe's command,
He entered once again his native land.
The British met their foes in fight to join,
Near the blue, storied wave of Brandywine.
It was indeed a field contested well,
There many brave in either army fell;
But Britain triumphed ere the setting sun,
Yet Gabriel knew not of the battle won;
Before the noontide by a fate untoward
He sank, sore wounded by a kinsman's sword;
He knew not when they bore him from the spot
Where he lay weltering, to a lowly cot;
There, weak and racked by suffering as he lay,
His hot lips spake of naught but Margaret Clay;
Of the soft, shining lustre of her hair,
Her matchless eyes, her forehead broad and fair;
He thought an angel hovered night and day
Around his pillow, robed as Margaret Clay.
It was no angel, but a human form, —
Margaret's, still fair, though pale and sorrow worn.
She nursed him, smoothed his pillow, laved his
head,
Till the fierce fever from his veins had fled;
And then in wedlock's solemn, holy bands,
Gabriel and Margaret joined their hearts and hands.
But soon the trump of war was heard again,
Calling its followers to the gory plain.
Through all that strife, forever varying, when

Triumphed the king or shrewd colonial men,
Gabriel fought nobly to sustain the part
That he had first espoused with honest heart;
Nor did he toil with unrewarded pain,
In office, trust, respect, he found his gain.
But wearied with the angry struggle long,
Britain at length relaxed her efforts strong.
To waste the treasure, and the blood to spill
Of those misguided ones, her children still,
Was ne'er the object of the parent state,
Who saw a groundless, fierce, unnatural hate,
Like deadly poison, work in every vein
Of broad Columbia's strong, gigantic frame, —
Hate of that parent whose protecting hand
Had guarded, shielded, blessed the infant land.
She called her mighty navies o'er the main;
Summoned her armies from the tented plain;
And gave her friends, who, in the weary strife,
Were reft of kindred, treasure, all save life,
A home in Brunswick's fertile, forest land.
They were in truth a brave and loyal band,
Who quitted, with high hopes, the hostile shore
Of the new commonwealth, their home no more:
Twelve wasted regiments of provincial men
Gladly set sail for fair New Brunswick then;
And Gabriel's regiment, tried and valiant men
From Maryland, and woody land of Penn,
Chanced — nay, were suffered by that sovereign
power

That guides our life through every changing hour —
To ship on board a vessel known to be
Worn out, and long unworthy of the sea.
A company, designing, crafty, base,
Had pondered well the vessel's worthless case;
And, with a wicked captain and his crew,
Promised to share the rich insurance due,
If they would guide the painted, rotten bark
To its sure ruin o'er the waters dark.
The choicest treasures of our hero's heart,
From which no factious strife his soul could part;
His cherished wife, and first-born, only son,
Were still his own, with honor nobly won.
He hoped to find, while yet in manhood's prime,
A home like that he planned in olden time,
'Mid fields beside New Brunswick river waves,
As brightly green as those the Schuylkill laves.
No thread of silver streaked his dark brown hair;
His forehead bore no lines of grief or care;
His sinewy arm was powerful as of yore,
Ere he the soldier's sword or firelock bore.
Margaret was gentle, pensive, fair, and wise,
Wish of his heart and sunlight of his eyes;
Her spirit dutiful, and warm, and kind,
Had sorrowed long to leave her kin behind;
Yet in his tender love her heart was blest,
How sweet to her the thought of home and rest!
A peaceful home, with Gabriel ever near,
And rest from wandering, parting, strife, and fear!

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For many days before the favoring gale
The faithless vessel sped, with full-spread sail;
How hopeful, full of life and busy care,
Were all the souls that sailed securely there!
One eve, a clouded day's bright, gilded close,
In Gabriel's breast a strange foreboding rose:
It haunted him with strong prophetic pain;
He strove to chase the phantom from his brain;
Yet when his head its nightly pillow sought,
Visions arose with terror strangely fraught;
And then, in sleepless agony he lay,
And hailed with joy the dawn of golden day.
When first he saw its crimson streaks appear,
He chid his own unmanly, groundless fear;
He turned and gazed upon his sleeping boy —
His infant face was bright with health and joy,
Cradled on Margaret's fond, maternal arm,
How forward, yet how weak to shield from harm!
A trembling shock, a grating, creaking sound,
Wakened that morning's quietude profound;
It came to Gabriel's boding, listening ear,
As what he long had held his breath to hear.
He knew full well the meaning of the shock —
The vessel's keel was on a sunken rock.
What a rude waking of the visions blest
Of home and peace, that filled full many a breast!
The dread and piercing scream of mortal fear
From woman's white lips burst upon the ear;
The eager question, is there none to save —

Is there no hope t' escape the deep, cold wave?
O the wild, agonizing, bitter prayer,
That reached high Heaven, its sinful ones to spare!
O the salt tears, the full confessions poured —
Such heartfelt words no pen may e'er record!
To its fond mother's form, with terror wild,
Of what it scarce knew what, clung many a child,
As if her mere infinite love had power
To save and succour in that direful hour;
And those pale dames their gallant husbands sought,
As if their valor that so oft had brought
Comfort and reassurance to the heart,
Against the raging sea could wage a soldier's part.
The faithless shipmen with the fair pretence
That duty at the foreship called them hence,
Cast forth the open boats upon the sea,
And from the hopeless wreck made haste to flee.
A brisk and heightening breeze blew cold and raw
Upon the ship from Nova Scotia's shore,
And soon her rotten timbers parting wide,
Many went down for aye beneath the tide;
And many, with forlorn and frantic hope,
Clung to the floating wreck to bear them up.
To one huge piece there clung a score and ten,
Slight women, helpless babes, and sturdy men;
And, 'mid the rest, Margaret's frail form was one —
Her loving arm still clasped her baby son.
Gabriel was near, and nobly strove to stay
From helpless forms the wind and driving spray;

But vain the effort, the wind higher rose,
As if enlisted with their heartless foes.
And there was naught to shelter, naught to warm,
Those lonely outcasts in the windy storm.
Gabriel from off his manly shoulders tore
The thick, warm outer garment that he wore,
And wrapped in it his Margaret and his child;
Pleased with his father's face, the infant smiled,
And crowed aloud; O what a bitter smart
That sweet voice added to the father's heart!
What prayers he breathed to gracious, pitying
Heaven,
That some white sail might towards their wreck be
driven!—

Prayers that those treasures, dearer than his life,
His cherub infant and his angel wife,
Might yet be saved, and comforted, and blessed,
E'en if his own flesh found its last, long rest
Beneath the troubled, salt Atlantic wave;
But Heaven no answer to his pleadings gave.
The noontide came, with gray sky overcast,
Still roared the sullen, loud Northwestern blast,
And all were drenched, and stiff, and famished
sore,—

E'en Margaret's lovely infant smiled no more;
It raised to hers its wet and troubled face,
As if some cause for its sad state to trace,
And from her bosom vainly strove to draw
The genial stream that never failed before.

Vainly they pray for help, in vain they strain
Their longing eyelids o'er the surging main:
No white sail glimmers, still the wind blows chill,
And the cold spray is dashed upon them still;
The sun goes down, and the dull, clouded day
Is blent insensibly with twilight gray:
Then strong men, chilled to their heart's inmost core,
And sick and thirsty strove for life no more;
And tender women, reared in climates kind,
Wet with the sea, and pierced with the keen wind;
Their spirits numbed, their hopes and feelings dead,
On icy planks lay the unconscious head
And slept, to wake on a far distant shore,
From which no voyager returneth more.
And yet it seemed as Margaret's ardent love,
Would as a shelter, food, and sunshine prove
To her poor infant: but the midnight chill
Reached to its vitals, and its heart stood still;
She felt its breathing cease, and strove no more,
To warm her blood by action, as before;
Fainting with cold and hunger, wild with grief,
She prayed with eager lips for anguish brief:
And yet her heart lived in its agony
Till the red sun rose from behind the sea,
And then she sunk in soft and peaceful rest,
Her dead babe nestled to her marble breast.
They laid them without prayer or funeral song
Beneath the surging waves to slumber long,
'Till the deep sea shall yield its treasured dead,

And earth and sky, like burning scroll, be fled.
Yet Gabriel's frame, so full of warmth and power,
Triumphed o'er cold and want for many an hour.
The love of life with every mortal born,
Lived in his tortured breast that dreary morn,
And where the broad sea meets the arching sky,
Still strained his sight a vessel to descry;
But eye of mortal, howe'er clear or bright,
Could naught discern but the pure, azure light.
The hours rolled on, his eagle eye grew tired,
And hope, deferred so long, at length expired.
Weary with watching and incessant strife
To keep alive the flickering flame of life,
And spent with hunger, now he bent his thought
To meet his last grim foe as christian soldier ought.
A deadly stupor o'er his spirit came,
A trembling weakness seized upon his frame;
He saw, with hopeless, listless eye, the sun
Towards the western ocean hasting down.
A rolling wave to his dull vision brought
His dead babe's form, its snowy garments wrought
By Margaret's loving hands: he smiled with joy
To think how soon he'd greet his wife and boy.
And then before his mind in long array
Passed all his life from boyhood's early day;
His decent home in Pennsylvania's land;
The kindly love of all the household band;
The schoolhouse, old and gray with mossy roof,
That stood 'mid trees from the high road aloof;

The dame austere, with cap and apron blue,
And voice severe, but kindly heart and true;
The brook that, swollen by spring or autumn rain,
Rushed, roaring, past the quiet, chaste domain,
Near which oft-uttered warnings made him know
It was a dire and deadly sin to go;
The white church where they met to pray and
praise

In the sweet light of those old Sabbath days;
The pastor's reverend form, the snowy hair
Of the old clerk — the garb he used to wear;
The hillside graveyard, where, 'neath waving grass,
Slumbered the dust that once his mother was.
He had no memory of her living face,
Yet oft his spirit yearned for her embrace;
His opening manhood, the deep, thrilling bliss
That stirred his soul at Margaret's first, pure kiss;
The dreams that filled his ardent, hopeful mind
Of joys enduring, humble, yet refined;
The troublous times that came, the looks estranged
Of all his household, while he stood unchanged
To Britain's cause; the searching thoughts of heart,
Ere yet he vowed to bear a soldier's part;
Then the wild scene of each remembered fight
Arose like ghastly visions of the night:
And then the thought of all the hope and joy
That filled his soul at sight of his first boy;
And Margaret's ceaseless love, her tender care,
Her pure devotion: then he longed to share

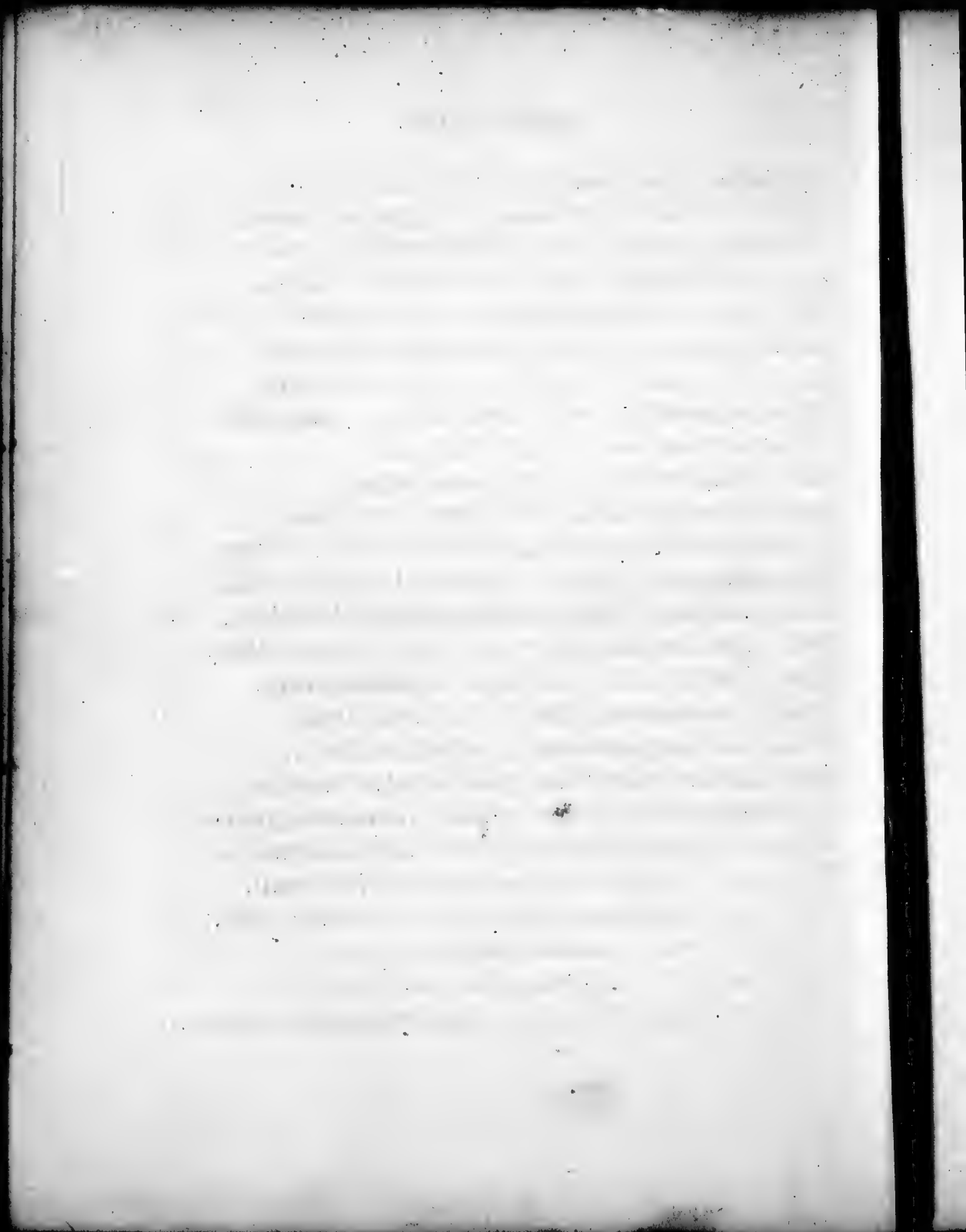
Her grave beneath the troubled waves far down,
Where storm and tempest's shock are all unknown.
He saw a sail; but, dreamy, as he lay,
He thought not the need to tempt its stay;
But others of his regiment, saved before,
By the same ship, explored the waters o'er,
And, at a distance, deemed the floating speck
On the wide sea, a portion of the wreck,
And gladly to their help and succour came.
They reached them; called aloud on Gabriel's name,
And strove to rouse his apathetic thought;
He cared not, knew not of the help they brought
The sole one, he, upon that piece who bore
The mark of office from the well-fought war;
For, of the thirty who its succour gained,
But ten men, spent and faint, in life remained.
Then, in their kindly arms, the sailors bold
To their snug vessel bore the sufferers cold;
And with the simple cordials she contained,
Revived and fostered what of life remained;
And Gabriel woke to life to feel the smart
Of a sad, desolated, blighted heart —
A spirit smitten by affliction's rod,
Withered like grass of the dry summer's sod.
He, with the rest whom Heaven vouchsafed to save,
And kindly destined for a later grave,
Stricken and lonely, reached the sheltering port,
That first with ardent, hopeful hearts they sought.
And yet a pleasant heritage he gained

From that good king whose honor he maintained;
For his fair favored lot was cast upon
That prince of Brunswick's streams, the broad St.
John.

He toiled incessant when the wintry storm
Howled through the forest; and when breezes warm
And genial sun bade the bright streamlets flow
Free from the ice, and swollen with melted snow,
And 'neath the blistering sun of August's sky,
And when the harvest moon was full on high,
The swamps that scarce the wild cat's step had
borne

Ere long waved green with grass or gold with corn;
The starry midnight saw his blazing fires
On some lone hill, the greenwood's funeral pyres.
He wrought to smiling field the forest glade,
Entrapped the bear that towards its border strayed;
Hunted the red deer, moose, and cariboo;
The leaping salmon from the waters drew;
Quarried the stone for fence and orchard wall,
And uncouth, lonely, lowering, dismal hall,
As if he would to his abode impart
Semblance of sorrow that oppressed his heart;
For, stern and silent, in his life-long grief,
He seemed to all as his red neighbor chief.
And Heaven kindly smiled upon his toil;
His home grew rich with field and forest spoil;
And justly was his name revered abroad
As one who well had served his king and God.

But those who knew his genial, ardent day,
Sighed for its warmth and glory passed away;
And ere yet sixty years their frosts had shed
Upon his blighted heart and whitening head,
He dropt the sickle, musket, axe, and oar,
And sought the forest field or wave no more.
His lofty stature bent 'neath grief and years;
His eye grew dim with hardship, age, and tears;
To infant feebleness again declined
His vivid memory and vigorous mind;
And oft he deemed he wandered as of yore
In childhood's days along the Schuylkill's shore;
Then Margaret seemed so near a laughing child,
That converse with her soul his heart beguiled.
But when the thought would rise of that sad day
That rent his dear ones from his heart away,
Loudly he mourned for the beloved dead
With tears as passionate as children shed.
He slumbers where the sound of river waves
Is heard from 'mid the verdant, nameless graves;
Where, in the fresh clear morn, the shadows fall
Of the old willow trees and grey church wall.
And the gold gleams of the bright, western sky,
Upon the lowly mounds delight to lie;
There winter's snows lie deep, as if to save
From the keen, biting frost, the loyal soldier's grave:



SAUL.

SAUL.

THAT seer, whom his grateful mother
Lent God from his early day
Was dead, and there rose no other
For apostate Saul to pray.

He was laid in Ramah's city,
And Israel mourned aloud;
Then no one was left to pity
The king, so sullen and proud.

Consumed by hatred of David
And his well-deserved renown;
Though his valor oft had saved
His honor, kingdom, and crown.

Enraged by the slack submission
In the hosts beneath his sway;
And the boastful, proud condition
Of the Philistine array.

As they mustered all their forces,
And encamped in Shumen's vale;
With their chariots, men, and horses,
He feared that they must prevail.

He vainly sought for a token
From his oft offended God,
Whose law he had boldly broken,
And slighted his gracious word.

For none by a dream inspired,
Or Urim or prophet came;
Then his darkened soul was fired
By a brand from Tophet's flame.

And he said, "Are none remaining
Who in league with devils live,
For I have ceased disdaining
The instruction that they give?"

And they said, "There is a woman
Who dwelleth in Endor's land:
All fiends, and all spirits human,
Rise from death at her command."

Then, disguised in other raiment,
With his tried and valiant men
He repaired without delayment
To the witch of Endor's den.

In the roof-tree near the portal
Was hooting the owlet lone,
As if cheerful step of mortal
Had fore'er the threshold flown.

And the bat, on leathery pinion,
Flitted by the drear abode,
Where Satan held dominion
As the lawful prince and god.

And they saw a sickly taper
In her lowly window swail;
And a yellow, sulphurous vapor
Shone around in halos pale.

A strange atmosphere of horror
Filled her damp and sunken cell,
As if she had sought to borrow
Of the scenery of hell.

And he bade the evil woman
From the shadowy, spirit land,
That she with all speed should summon
Whosoe'er he should demand.

But she feared some deep designing;
And she answered, that the king
Held all sorcery and divining
As a vile, accursed thing.

And had banished from the nation
The wizards, and those who well
By covenant and oblation
Were leagued with the hosts of hell.

But he bade her cease delaying,
And promised no harm or ill
Should she find in disobeying
Her God and her sovereign's will.

But she soon returned with trembling,
For she saw a fearful sight;
And forgot her deep dissembling
In the wildness of affright.

For that calm and sainted prophet
Was more awful in her eyes
Than the flaming fiends of Tophet
That were wont for her to rise.

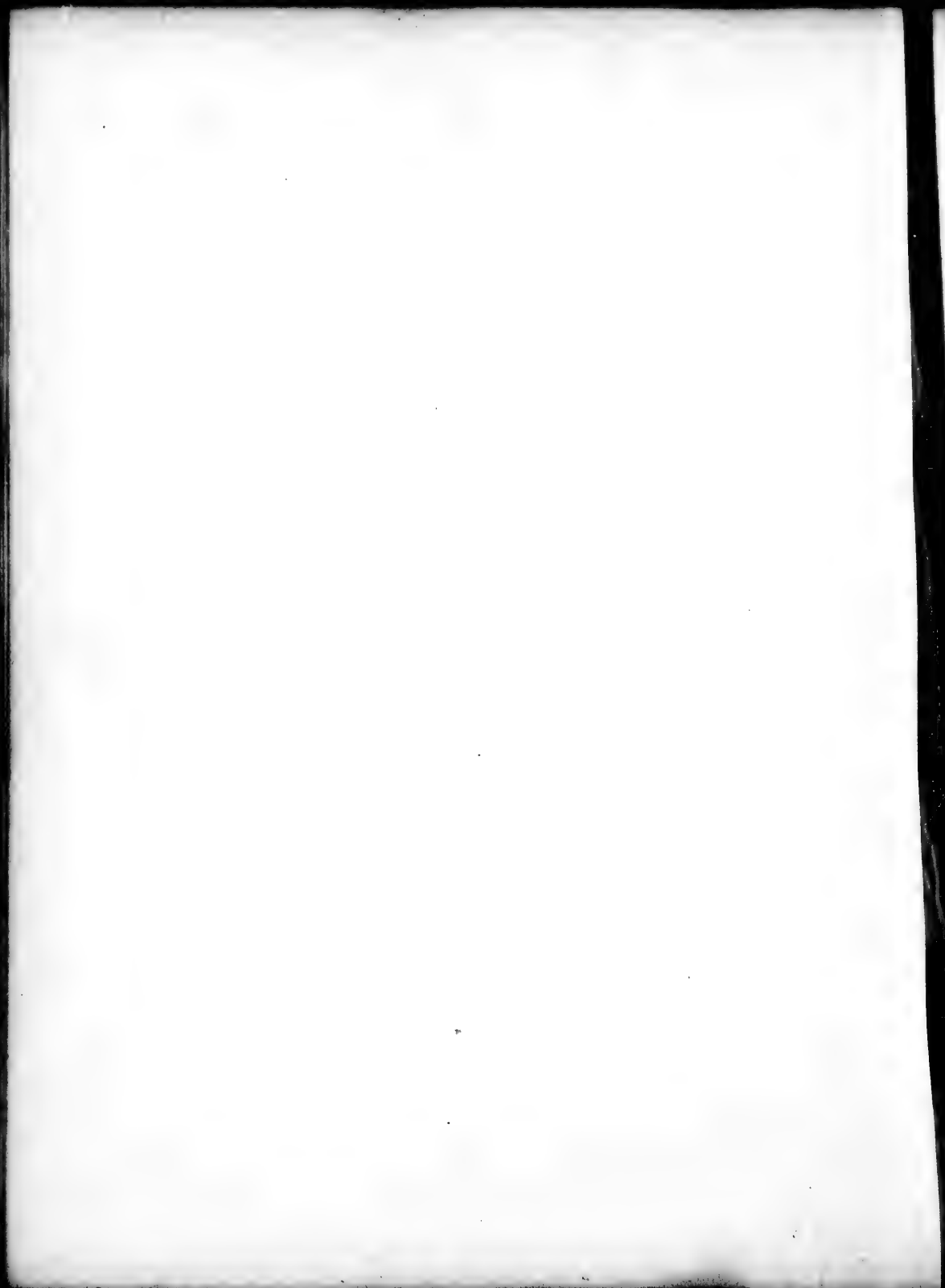
As Saul saw that ghastly figure,
It may be some thought arose
Of those days when, armed with vigor,
He had wasted Israel's foes;

And received paternal blessing
From the prophet's kindly tongue,
When he felt no guilt distressing,
When in truth his heart was young.

Yet he spake no word approving,
As a balm to soothe his breast;
But he chid him for removing
His spirit from quiet rest.

And told him of all the trouble
That a few short hours would bring;
All the plagues and judgments double
For the people and their king.

And before had passed the morrow,
To fulfil the prophet's word,
He sank slain on Mount Gilboa
By his own dishonored sword.



EVENING SCENE.

EVENING SCENE.

My thoughts a scene recall
Of summer sunset bland
In the sweet village capital
Of a colonial land.

Through oaks and maple trees
It winked in flashes bright,
And bathed the sloping western hills
In floods of golden light.

The tall cathedral spire
And humbler steeples glowed
Like fingers formed of flaming fire
To point the thought to God.

The windows shone and burned
In many a cottage white,
As if illumed with lamp and torch
While yet the day was light.

And pompous domes that rose
By sightly hillside way,
Or from amid the city close
To thronged streets and gay.

From fretted roof on high,
To latticed basement pane,
Unto the gorgeous evening sky,
Sparkled and blazed again.

The drooping elm trees stood,
With pensive, mournful look,
Above the arching bridge of wood
That spanned the laughing brook.

And many a leafy tree
Its graceful branches showed
In the deep river, smooth and free,
That by the city flowed.

The painted, puffing bark,
That cleft the placid stream,
And made the scented air grow dark
With rolling clouds of steam,

Was moored and quiet then
Upon the dusty wharf,
Where noisy crowds of boys and men
Raised high the shout or scoff.

No motion to the trees -
The slumbering breezes gave,
Nor moved the tall, white-winged sloops
Upon the shining wave.

As much at rest they seemed
As if their anchor's bow
Touched where the golden pebbles gleamed
So far their keels below.

The bushman's jocund song,
Loud laugh, and ribald jest
Came clear upon the listening ear -
Across the water's breast.

The soldiers, two and two,
In garb of scarlet dye,
Went roaming by the river blue,
Beneath the willows high.

The youthful subalterns
And captains, gay and brave,
Rowed with strong arm their shallops light
Over the gliding wave,

With freight of ladies bright,
Or on the green banks strayed;
Or passed the scene like lightning's flash,
On prancing steeds conveyed.

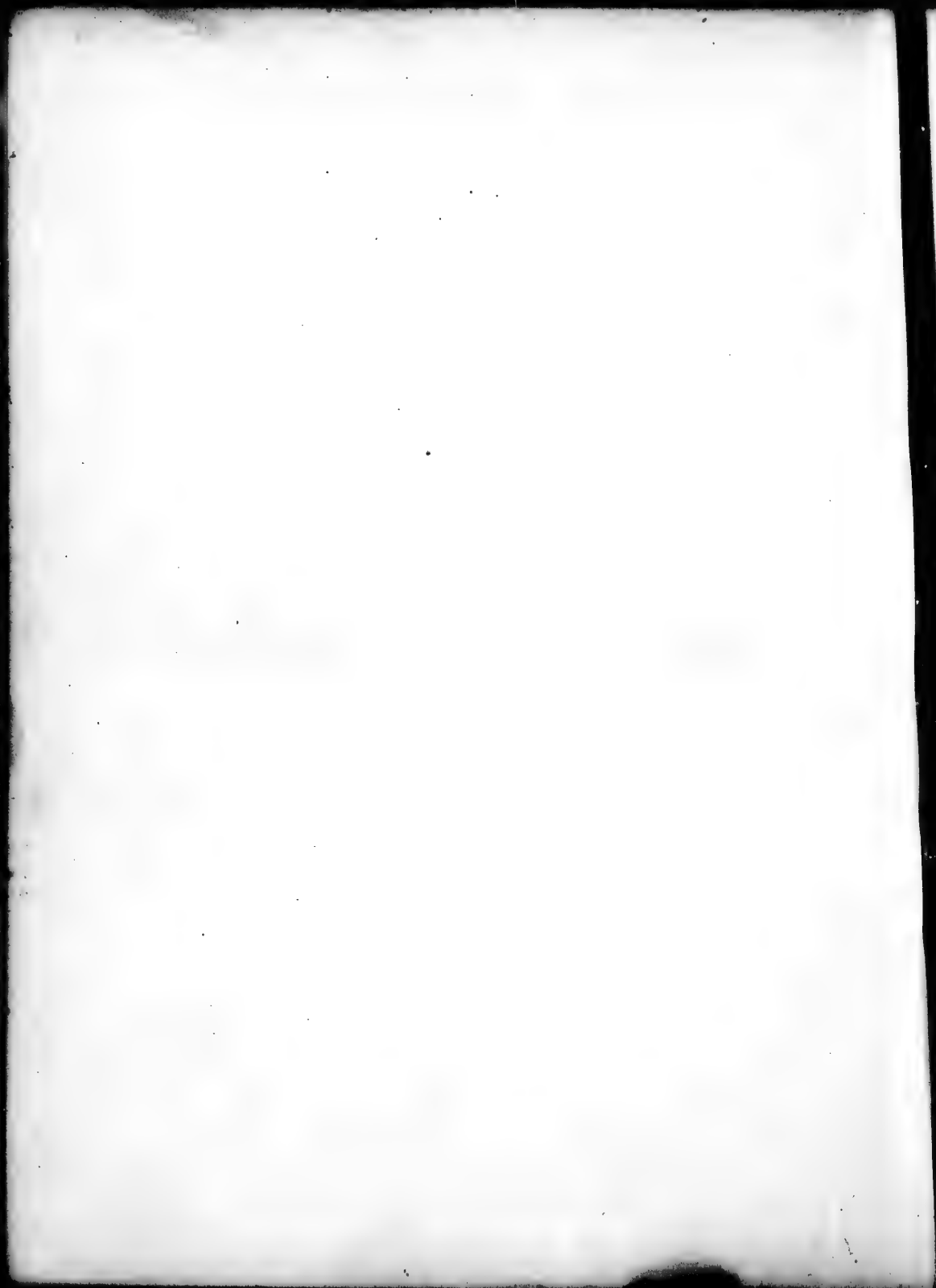
Perchance some warlike man
Of haughty English birth,
Seemed with an eye of scorn to scan
The scene, as little worth.

And wealthy citizens
In splendid coaches rolled,
The bosses of their equipage
Flashing like burnished gold.

And many a mother blest,
And many a happy wife,
And many a damsel pale, possessed
Of naught that gladdens life.

And polished city youths,
And laughing maidens fair,
And many a student, clerk, and page
Wandered that evening there.

THE WIZARD TREE.



THE WIZARD TREE.

WITH moss-clad roof, and dark,
There towered a mansion grey;
Around it there was many a mark
Of grandeur and decay.

There the possessor stands,
Grown prematurely old;
Plebeians all possess his lands
And misers grasp his gold.

For many a weary year
Adversity's keen blast
Over his broad, paternal fields
In howling gusts had passed.

His youth's sweet, gentle wife,
The children of his love,
Slumbered afar from pain and strife
Beneath the churchyard grove.

All left him to possess
To which his spirit clung
In the same passionate tenderness
With which he loved when young,

Was a tall, shadowy pine
That through the summer long,
And all the snowy, winter time
Murmured a dreamy song.

It cast a gloomy shade
On windows moulded o'er,
And parian statues, damp, decayed,
Beside the grass-grown door.

Full well he loved the shade,
To him the song was sweet,
And oft beneath the boughs he strayed
With listless, idle feet.

One eve he ceased to roam
As all grew dark and wild,
And sought his dank and dreary home
Where no sweet firelight smiled.

A dame in sable garb,
With features sharp and thin,
Fastened without a wretched barb,
And slowly tottered in,

She spake in hoarse, low tone,
"Though well thou lovest that tree,
It holds the sprite hath cursed thy home
With long adversity.

"I bear a woodman's axe,
The edge hath never been
In aught but the white, forest pine,
'Tis strong, and smooth, and keen.

"Now, ope the portal wide,
And come where I shall lead."
He bowed, and followed by her side
With trembling, reeling tread.

He saw the steel's pale gleam
In the dim, evening air,
Then raised a wild and piercing scream
Of horror and despair.

For to his inmost soul
He felt each heavy blow
That came redoubled, stroke on stroke,
Till the proud pine lay low.

She stretched one skinny hand
So yellow, thin, and dry,
It glittered like a fairy wand.
Beneath the starlit sky..

She pointed to a spot
Where oft he longed to stray,
But some strange power, he knew not what,
Forced him another way.

“There all the gold and gear
That e’er you called your own
You safe shall find, when one more year
Over your head hath flown.

“But work as I advise,
You’ll gain full many an hour;
You ne’er can gain the precious prize
By your unaided power.

“Break two white, yearling colts
To plough the verdant ground,
And harrow with two bullocks red
In circles, round and round.

“And chant the same weird tune,
With words that I shall say,
That the pine sung in summer noon
And frozen, winter day.”

He did her will in truth,
For health and vigor came,
And e’er one year, the strength of youth
Renewed his stalwart frame.

He found the treasures hid
And dragged them forth to day,
Then as the witch-like dame had bid,
He knelt him down to pray.

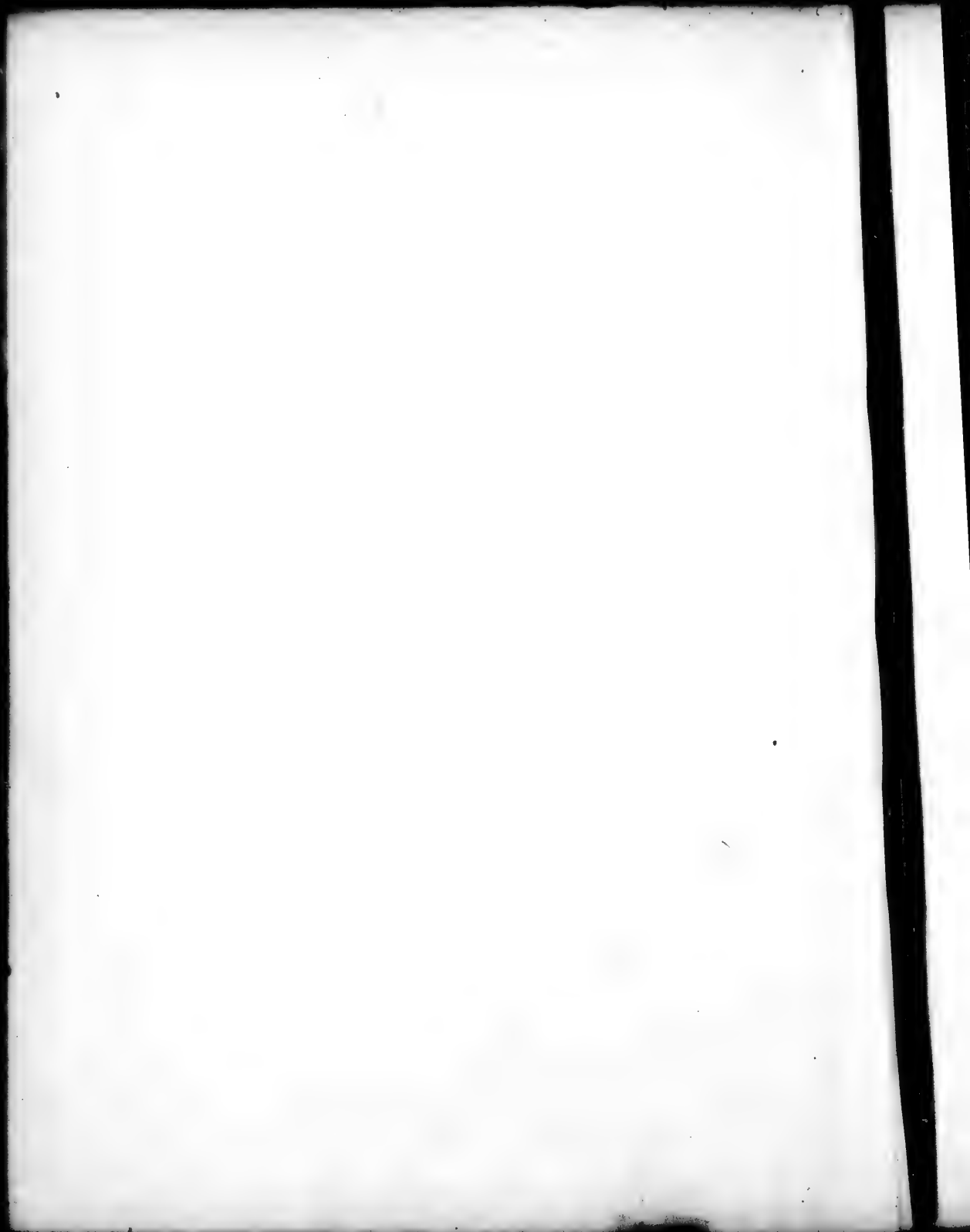
He rose, and found a scroll
In a gold, jewelled case,
Traced by the pine tree's evil soul
To a black fairy, base.

It bade the elf to lure,
While he was far abroad,
His gentle wife and children pure
To her own wild abode.

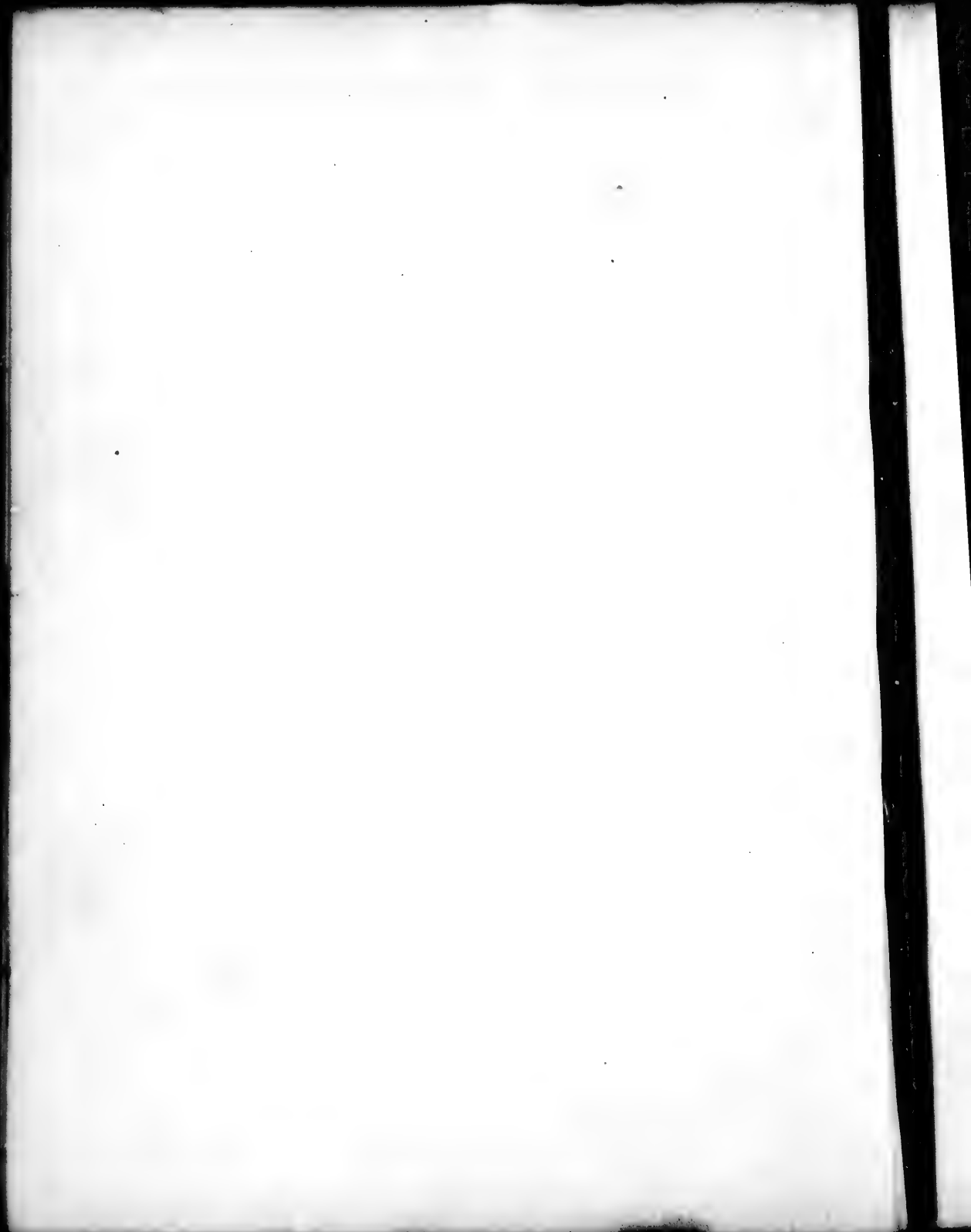
She kept him long away
With adverse winds and storms,
And in their beds placed lumps of clay
Fashioned like their fair forms.

And he returned to find
His hearthstone lone and cold;
The clay was laid with funeral rites
Beneath the churchyard mould.

But now the spell was o'er!
In costly robes bedight,
His wife and children sought his door
On that glad, festive night.



FORSAKEN: A TALE.



FORSAKEN: A TALE.

HER eye was wild, her brow was red,
Her cheek was ashy pale,
“Just thirty miles to day,” she said,
“I’ve walked o’er hill and dale.”

Before her stood as fair a maid
As eye hath ever seen,
In all the grace of womanhood,
Though scarcely seventeen.

She said, “Fear not; though wild my eye,
Beneath its glance you quail:
Come sit beside me, child, and I
Will tell you all my tale.

“My father was an aged man
And I his only child;
Our little cousin with us dwelt —
A thoughtless thing, and wild.

"They used to tell me I was fair
As is the rising morn;
She was a silly, flippant thing,
One whom I scorned to scorn.

"I learned to love your father then,
Nor did I love for naught,
For every feature of his face
Was eloquent with thought.

"She counselled me, and more than scorn
Flashed on her from my eyes;
Yes, Anna counselled me to fawn,
To catch the brilliant prize.

"'He ne'er would wed a haughty dame'
She said she knew it well;
Cared I for him, cared I for aught
On earth, that I would tell?

"No! if he wished that I should prove
His own, forever true,
Then let him learn to win my love
And pay me honor due.

"He spake no tiresome words of love
With flatteries beside,
But with a softened dignity
He claimed me for his bride.

"I analyzed my every thought,
My passions, cold and few,
And though my mind was stoical
My heart had feeling too.

"My love was like yon distant star,
It knew no warmth or chill,
Just as a heart, by nature cold
Can love one colder still.

"I left awhile my native land
And sought a distant shore,
It hailed again her mountains grand
When winter's reign was o'er.

"The breezes kissed the opening flower
And the broad, sparkling main,
There moved from out my father's door
A stately, bridal train.

"They knew not that I was so near
And watched them all the while,
I saw the bridegroom as he passed
And wore a hollow smile.

"For Anna, with her lesser charms
Insidiously stole
So serpent-like, as to deceive
Even his noble soul.

"The Muses came not as of yore,
Nor sought I for a theme;
The life that I had lived before
Seemed one fond, blasted dream.

"But Anna left your father's halls,
Forgot the child she bore,
And with another, base as she,
Sought a far distant shore.

"It needed not this latest grief
To break his spirit down,
And when again I saw his face
I could not wear a frown.

"He cast one look of hopeless grief,
Then at my feet he lay,
But while my pages sought relief
His soul had passed away.

"Fair girl, long years have passed since then,
And beauty's reign is o'er,
And plenteous wealth that once was mine
Is gone forever more.

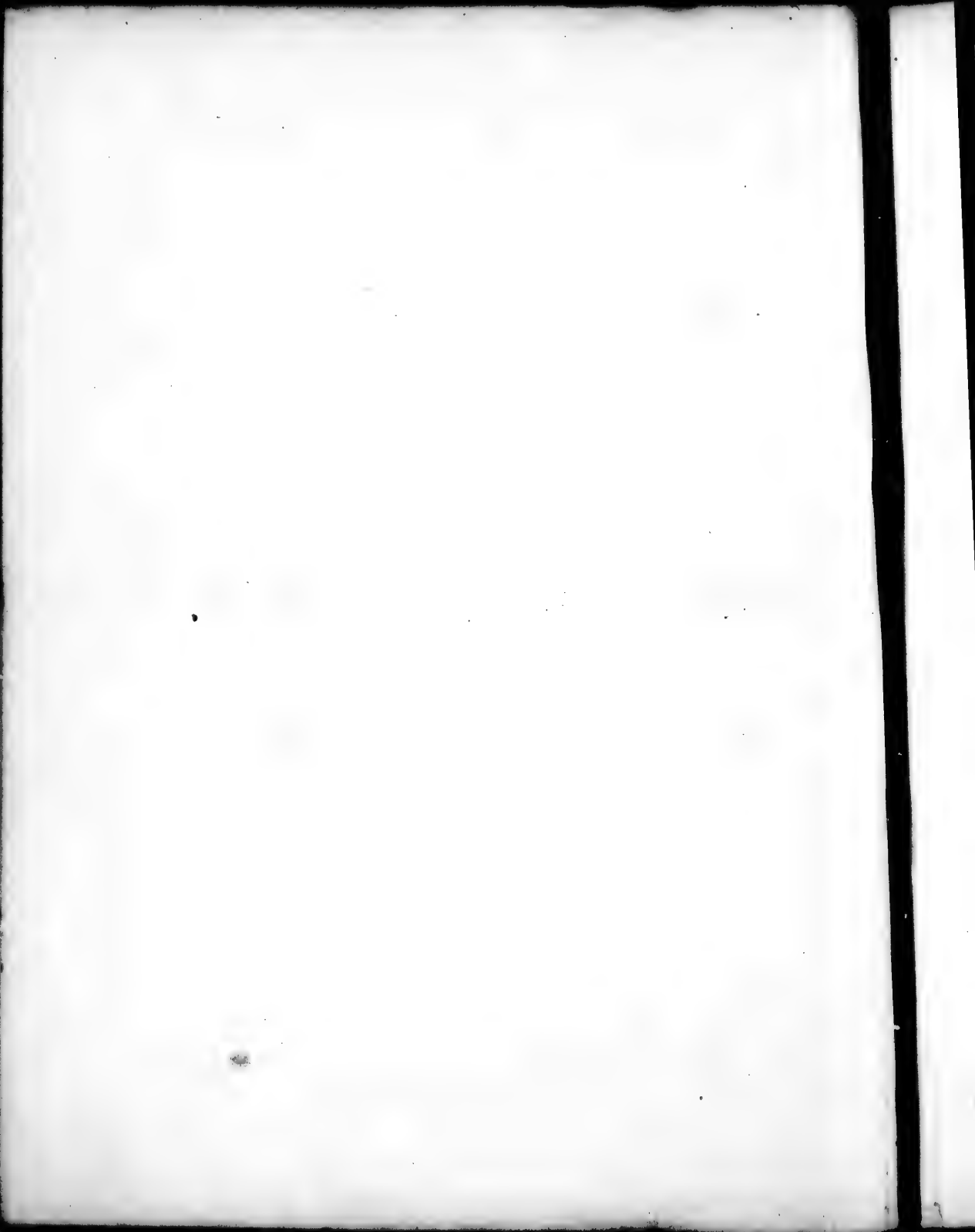
"But memory of the only love
That e'er my sad heart knew,
Shall live deep cherished in its depths
Life's lonely journey through."

THE MONEY DIGGERS.

4

ce then,

mine



THE MONEY DIGGERS.

THEY'RE thrice-told tales in Brunswick's land,
Those of the pirate gold concealed
In river, hillside, bank of sand,
In burnt-wood forest, tarn, and field.

Those who have toiled in snow and frost
That thickens her keen, winter air,
Their hope of wealth by labor lost,
While yet their youth forbids despair,

Listen with greedy, longing ears,
To tales grey-bearded woodmen tell,
Of treasures hidden for countless years,
That he may claim who breaks the spell.

When shone the thirteen western stars
In the glory of Britain's brow,
When of axe our forest bore no scars,
Nor our fertile soil of the plough;

When the prow of Spaniard and of Frank
Furrowed the west Atlantic main,
And many a time the salt waves drank
The red blood of the pirate slain;

The rovers fierce, with treasures vast —
Brazilian diamonds, tropic gold —
Sought hiding place in this lone waste
For their accursed wealth untold.

And those who tell the thrilling tales
By forest camp-fire blazing bright,
At which the bushman's bronzed cheek pales,
Though his arm be strong and spirit light,

Declare — but how they do not tell
The tale of mystery was revealed —
One saved at sea, as league as with hell,
Was slain above the wealth concealed.

Or if by chance the victim died
Ere chosen hiding-place was found,
Some red man of the forest wide
Sufficed with blood to charm the ground.

Oft-times the rovers came again,
And raised to light their treasures vast,
With other names across the main
To fair Europa's land they passed,

And built light-gilded palaces
On Spain or France or Britain's shore;
But ghosts of wrecks and bloody seas
Haunted their memories evermore.

And many, so traditions say,
Ne'er found New Brunswick's wilds again,
But sank to the deep sea a prey,
Or were by hands of justice slain.

There still their ill-got booty lies,
But bound with such a magic chain
No digger e'er triumphant cries,
" 'T has been my lot the prize to gain! "

But some do rise to sudden wealth,
Perplexing busy meddlers sore,
Who cry, " By magic, chance, or stealth,
They sure have found some hidden store."

Their hearts aflame with thirst for gold,
Their frames with toil and hardship worn,
Oft from the hour of midnight tolled,
They dig till the grey light of morn.

Most oft they seek the charmed lands
In summer or in autumn nights,
Their rods and shovels in their hands,
And thick tin lanterns for their lights;

And they shed blood of some guiltless thing,
And sprinkle it with dirge-like song
In many a cross and arc and ring
To break the charm that's held so long.

The firefly's lamp, the beetle's drone,
The whisper of the southern winds,
Through the dim sky of midnight lone
Cast solemn shades on gayest minds;

And through their blood creep curdling chills
As their new shovels break the ground,
And a vague, nameless horror fills
Their hearts and all the air around.

Now the wierd superstition, nurst
In their dark minds from infancy,
Rises in might, and oft at first
With winged steps they homeward flee,

And tell of tramping footsteps heard
In grassy meadows close behind,
The dead hush of the midnight stirred
By ghostly shrieks upon the wind;

And mighty hounds, their bristling hair
Tipt with red flame and brimstone white,
Keep guard above the treasures there,
And howl and bay the live-long night;

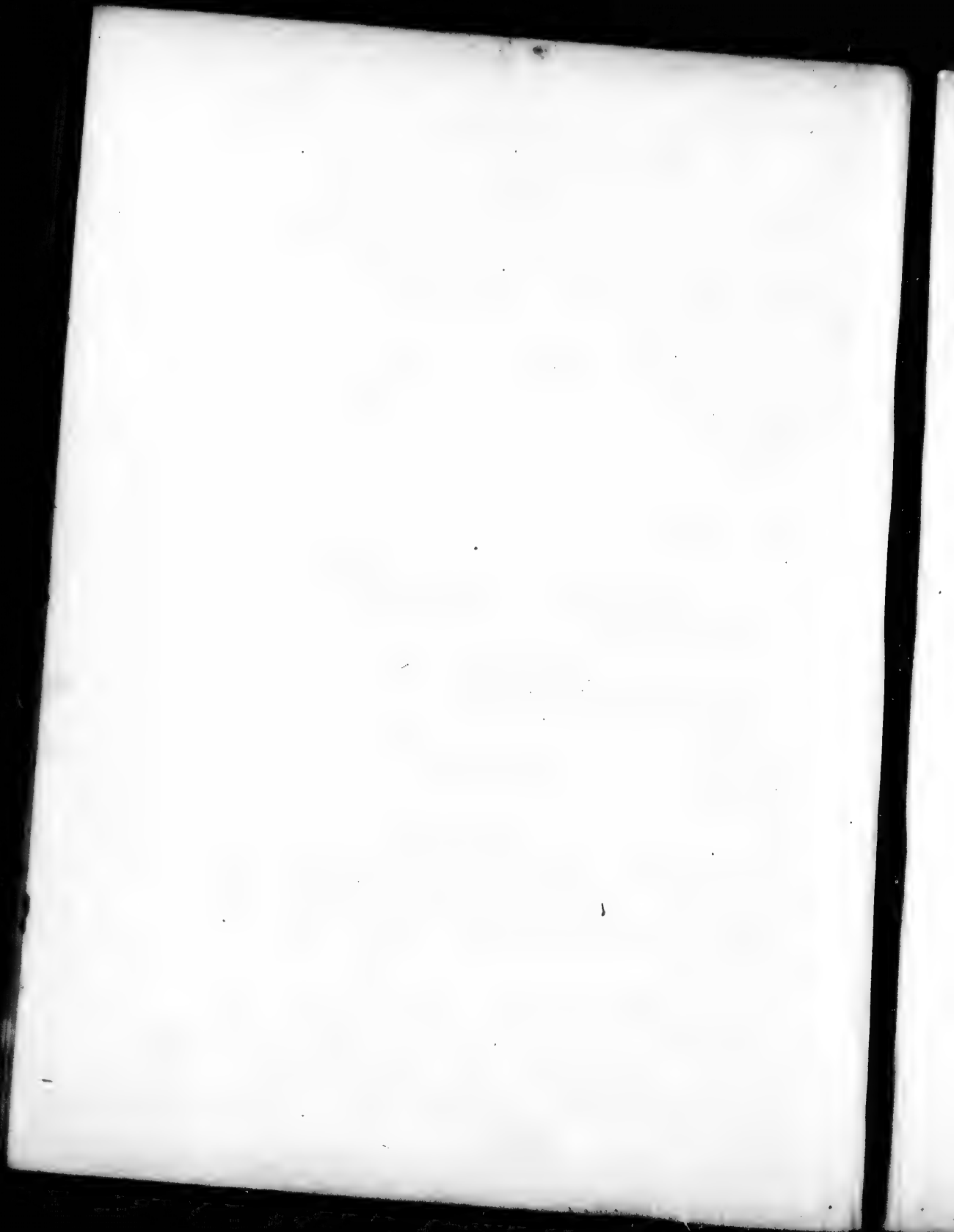
And headless men and maidens drest
In robes all stained with earth and gore,
Gleam with a radiance self-expressed,
And glide the lonely meadows o'er.

And giant forms as pine-trees tall,
Out-stretching arms as iron strong,
With shining sword and pondrous mall
Stride o'er the quaking earth along.

Or if so well they know their art,
As first to banish fiend and ghost,
The treasures, e'en when found, depart,
And in the depths of earth are lost.

Some veterans confidently tell
They felt their spade clink on the lid,
Then myriad fathoms down it fell,
And from their sight fore'er was hid.

Yet still they hope and fondly dream
To learn the charmed words to speak
That cause to well like bubbling stream
From out the earth the gold they seek.



**LADY KATE, THE FAIRY
QUEEN.**

L

LADY KATE, THE FAIRY QUEEN.

KEEN and stinging was the air,
All without the dwelling fair
Of a lovely fairy queen.
Her husband and little ones,
All her daughters and her sons,
By the glowing light are seen.

And now by the taper's light
She taketh her pen to write,
For a poetess is she.
But far o'er wastes of snow
Her thoughts to a mansion go:
We'll follow their path to see.

There a father had one child,
But another roving wild
He sought, and both were his pride;
Both those maidens so fair
Were his hope, joy, and care,
When sudden the father died.

Proud Cybella raised her head,
She said, "Now my father's dead,
Sure his millions all are mine;
So thou pert, low-born Maud,
Thou may'st roam at large abroad,
Or tend my sheep and my kine."

Silent, wondering, fair Maud gazed,
So sorely was she amazed,
For she could not guess the cause.
"Surely Cybella's mad"
She whispered low and sad,
Then she drove her from her doors.

Fair Maud hath spotless brow,
As smooth and white I trow
As the snow that clothes the fields;
But brethren she hath none,
And her gallant lover's gone —
The sword and the spear he wields.

There she stands, no arm to save,
None to snatch her from the grave —
A poor and unfriended thing.
Lady Kate the fairy queen
Looked o'er all the secret scene —
It was through a magic ring.

She said, "'Tis duty now
That I should go, I trow,
Thou my Lancelot doth know;"
She her pleasant home deserts,
And her shining velvet skirts
Sweep over the crusted snow.

And now her elfin steed
Being prepared with speed,
She soon is in her sleigh;
And her ermine-lined gown
Is drawn closely around,
As the blast howls o'er the way.

Scarce half an hour had flown
When she found Maud all alone,
Shivering on a steep bank's edge;
She whispered in her ear,
"Fair lady be of cheer,
And enter my cushioned sledge.

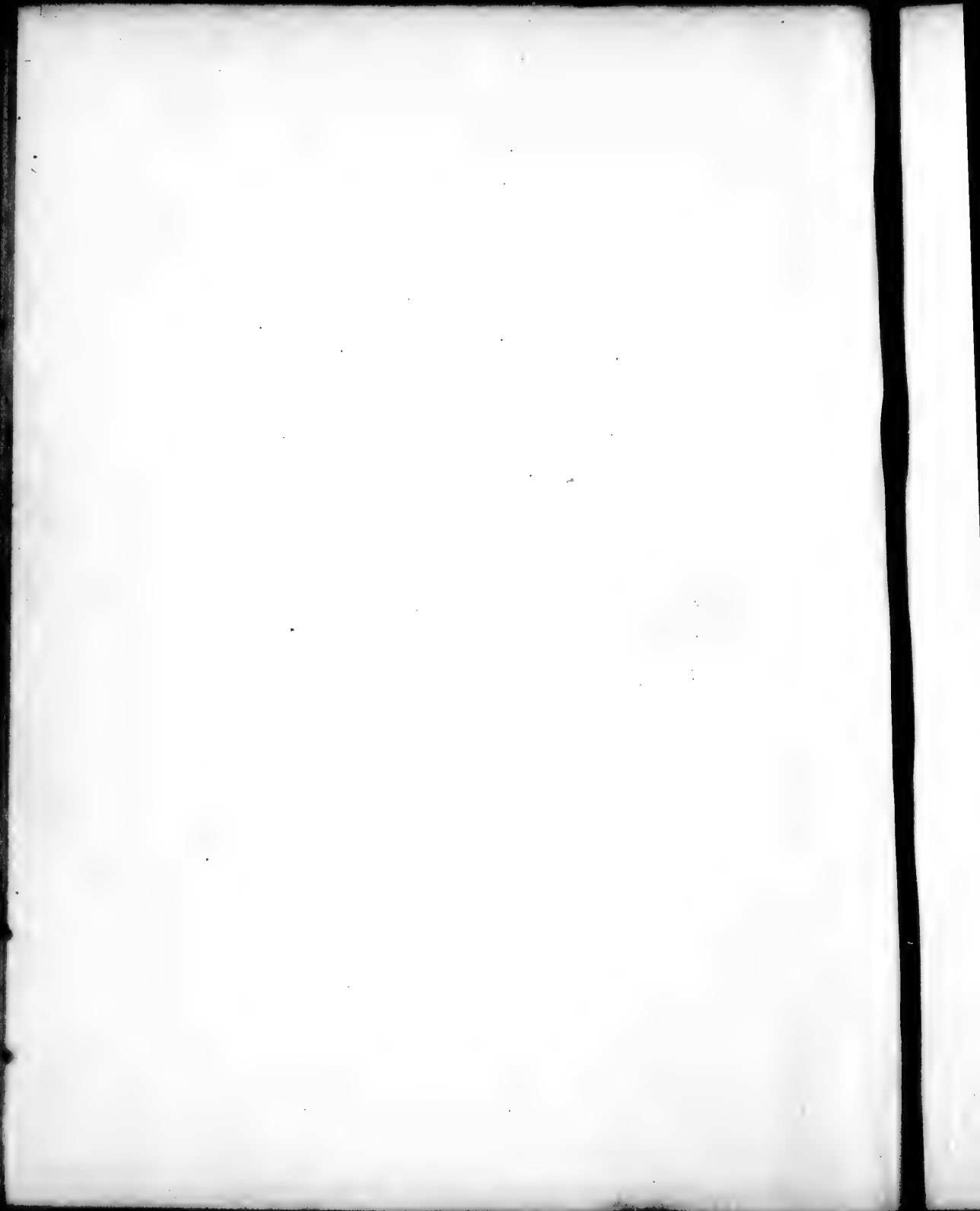
"For there is a lawful will,
And though Cybella still
Shall heir the mansion old,
A pleasant sylvan cot
Is mentioned as thy lot,
With flocks and herds and gold.

“ And take a friend’s advice,
Beware of avarice,
And scorn not poor Cybell;
Joy will to thee return,
Thou soon shalt cease to mourn,
But her sorrows none can tell.”

Cybell in very truth
Lived to see while yet in youth
The downfall of her pride;
Although she wedded one,
A monarch’s only son,
He drove her from his side.

She left her splendid home,
And sought the kindly dome
Where dwelt fair Lady Maud,
For with conqueror’s waving plume
Had her gallant lover come,
Though so long he roamed abroad

MISCELLANEOUS.



THE VINE.

"Yet I planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed;
how, then, art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a
strange vine unto me?" — *Jer. 2, 21.*

WHERE the harvest hills are whitest,
And the pleasant waters flow;
Where the laborer's toil is mightiest,
I was planted there to grow.

But I shamefully requited
All my planter's tender care;
Scattered grapes were found and blighted
When he sought for clusters fair.

For the forest's shade was lovely,
And a fair but poisonous vine
Spread its broad green leaves above me,
Twined its very roots with mine.

Once my leaves were broad and fragrant,
But they brown and wasted grew,
For I chose the waters stagnant,
Mixed with drops of poisonous dew.

In the forest's deep recesses
Glittering serpents charmed the eye,
Flowers unnumbered gemmed the mosses,
Radiant rainbows spanned the sky.

But the serpents' sting was mortal,
And the flowers breathed death and woe;
In the cloud of rainbow portal,
Thunders rumbled long and low.

Voices from the forest's edges
Said "The night shall quickly come,
None may work to build thy hedges,
Or to train thee towards thy home."

Light shone then on all my dangers,
That their fulness I might know;
But I said, "I've loved these strangers,
After them I still will go."

Day's broad light with twilight blended,
In my heart I almost said,
"Sure the harvest must be ended,
And the summer day is fled."

And methought I heard a whisper
 'Mid the lonely branches say,
"That is joined with poisonous fruitage,
 'Mid its idols let it stay."

But a form more fair and lovely
 Than the fairest sons of men,
Stooped to ope the boughs above me,
 And to train me home again.

I forgot my vows fulfilling
 That I would return no more,
For he made me fully willing
 In the moment of his power.

That on which I once was resting
 Now was all asunder torn,
So I turned, and simply trusting,
 Clung to my deliverer's form.

By the living streams he led me
 Through the pastures green and fair;
Sun to warm and cloud to shade me,
 May I dwell forever there.

WHAT SHALL BE.

THROUGH forest aisles all deeply hushed
Shall sound the wild-birds' joyous strain,
And dawn in golden floods shall burst
O'er waving woods and glittering fane.

The streamlets o'er the mossy stones
Leap onward murmuring in their glee,
And the blue river proudly roll
Its rushing waters to the sea.

Mortals shall waken on that morn
Th' appointed race of life to run,
With self-reliant hearts as strong,
And ardent as were once our own.

And on the hillside's gentle slope,
Where the tall, dewy grasses wave
In fresh winds breathing life and hope,
We shall be slumbering in the grave.

Our lives, like a wild, windy night,
Passed by with naught their flight to mark;
Few were the stars, and strangely bright,
And all the clouds were wondrous dark.

Or like some thrilling legend told,
So swiftly passed our lives away;
Our ardent, eager, restless souls —
Our fervent spirits — where are they?

If wearied with the race of life,
We found our hearts and spirits fail,
How did we bear the mortal strife
With that dread horseman, stern and pale?

If wearied in a peaceful land —
A land in which our hearts confide —
What did we 'mid the swelling waves
Of Jordan's deep and rushing tide?

How did we face our life-long sins?
How did we bear the Judge's gaze?
Who is sufficient for these things?
O for the strength of Jesus' grace!

LIFE'S WINTRY MORNING.

THE wintry sun sheds its golden light
On the glittering, crusted snow;
And the sky is blue and coldly bright,
As it was long years ago.

And under the weight of the glassy drift
That answers the smile of morn,
The lonely earth lies comfortless,
And desolate and 'lorn.

Thus my heart is bowed with a heavy pain,
'Tis blighted, and crushed, and sore;
It can never welcome the light again,
Nor joy in the sunshine more.

And my spirit cries out with pleadings wild,
'And yearnings that will not rest,
To sleep like a quiet, weaned child,
On earth's maternal breast.

The damp cold clods of the lowly vale
Would be sweet to my weary head,
And none might tell the mournful tale
In history of the dead.

G.
My name be 'rased from 'neath the skies,
And the memory of that morn,
When 'twas said in tones of joyfulness,
A human child is born.

THE GLORIOUS CITY.

“Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.” *Ps.* 87, 3.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
City of the Lord most high;
There, where opes thy shining portal,
Far beyond this nether sky,

Angel choirs their harps are tuning
To the praises of thy king;
Amaranthine bowers are blooming
In thy everlasting spring.

See thy sapphire pavements glisten
In the beams of heavenly light;
From thy temple floods of glory
Burst and dazzle angels' sight.

Grant me, Lord, some place before thee,
When these earthly toils are o'er,
In the city of thy glory
There to praise thee evermore.

THE STORM KING.

I USED to hear long time ago
That there dwelt in ocean cave,
A storm king both bold and mighty —
A warrior fierce and brave.

His food was the flesh of princes,
And his drink was monarchs' blood;
Afar in cave of ocean dark
This storm king's castle stood.

'Twas said that one summer even,
As the mermaids danced around
And the storm king in his castle
Was sunken in sleep profound, —

'Twas said on that summer even
That there marched a fairy band;
Each had a glittering golden crown,
And each one a magic wand.

They entered the storm king's castle
They stormed all its lordly halls,
And burned with a fire of magic
The gold and ivory walls.

They roused the king from his slumbers,
Then plunged him into the deep,
While around the ruined castle
The salt waters seemed to weep.

And then from out the ocean old
They brought a glorious spoil,
And danced that night on pale moonlight,
And sing of their finished toil.

But as they were dancing, behold
The waters opened beneath,
And the storm king appeared in might,
Whom they thought had slept in death.

He stretched his hand in the ocean,
And rebuilt the castle old;
He made the walls of ivory,
And the canopy of gold.

And he made the gates of silver,
The foundations were of brass;
He laid on them a magic spell,
That no fairy e'er might pass.

And then towards the dancing fairies
He stretched his powerful hand,
And banished them far from his sight
Away to the solid land.

MY FATHER'S FRIEND.

THERE was one I knew, and loved him well,
My father's most honored friend;
And with joyous thoughts of him do all
My childhood's memories blend.

His every feature volumes spoke
Of pure, earnest thought and high;
What worlds of light and love awoke
In his dark and piercing eye!

His brow like the moon its crescent showed
'Mid his night of raven hair;
How the light of genius burned and glowed —
How its spirit sparkled there!

From torrid unto frozen seas
'Twas my lot for years to roam;
My friends the wave and freshning breeze,
And the rolling ship my home.

I said, "I'll give my roving's o'er,
I will bid my wanderings end;"
I sought again my native shore,
And my childhood's early friend.

On his marble brow was the blight,
On his locks the frost of years;
And his eyes, once praised for their light,
Were tarnished by age and tears.

But his heart! ah, *there* was the change!
'Twas withered and cold and dead;
His voice seemed hollow, hoarse, and strange—
Its volume and warmth had fled.

I spoke of the past — of our friends —
My father, who loved him well;
A hope through Christ, when life's toil ends,
In his glorious rest to dwell.

“Yes! your father, an honest man,
He's gone to that rest on high;”
Then a smile o'er his features ran,
And lighted his aged eye.

More I said, but he answered not,
Nor heeded my presence more;
All blank seemed memory, all forgot,
Both the friends and scenes of yore.

And I sighed as I sought my home,
Whence had vanished light and song;
Aye, I wept at its threshold lone,
Grass-grown and untrodden long.

“And must this be,” my spirit said —
“Must from out the brightest eye,
The soul depart, and pure thought fade
From the forehead calm and high.

“The memory of our former life,
And the hope of joys to come,
Grow so dim and be ’rased away
Ere our life’s short day is done?”

PAST AND PRESENT.

No memories throng my brain
Of park or stately hall,
With men and maids a menial train
To wait th’ imperious call;

Or splendid garden ground,
Bright with exotics rare,
Where snowy marble busts abound,
And fountains cool the air;

Or shining equipage,
A carriage velvet lined,
With liveried coachmen, cringing page,
And footman brisk behind.

Yet recollections dear
Of youth and childhood's time
Oft rise my spirit's gloom to cheer,
Now in my saddened prime.

In simple garb and strong
I robed my youthful form,
Nor feared the thunder rumbling long,
Nor raging winter storm.

Upon the wind-swept hill,
And through the valleys sweet,
I trod with glad, unfettered will,
And joyous, bounding feet.

Ah! little did I dream
'Twould be my portion hard
To crave with feigned complacence mean
A smile or favoring word.

A rough hand stretched to guide
And order all my path,
With loathing feet to walk beside
In fear and helpless wrath.

THE WANDERER.

THE leaves were brown, and gold, and red;
The blast as it hurried by,
Seemed to whisper mysteries dread
To the dark and troubled sky.

There stood a maiden fair as dawn,
In a snow-white mantle clad;
The drapery was closer drawn,
As the winds howled wild and sad.

And down her cheek there coursed a tear,
It seemed that she must grieve,
But her beauty was all too fair
For a child of fallen Eve.

Angels watched where the dying lay
Till the spirit took its flight,
Then to heaven they urged their way
Through the dark and stormy night.

They paused awhile to speak to her,
With sweet, soothing words and kind
And she told them how wondrous fair
Was the land she left behind.

Her home was in the Milky Way,
Where earth was a distant star,
And when had sunk the light of day,
It was seen through ether far.

It chanced one eve in pensive mood
She was wandering alone,
A fearful form before her stood,
There was help or succour none.

"Thou see'st yon planet far away,"
He spake in fearful tone;
"'Tis earth, there naught but wild dismay,
Death, terror, and gloom are known."

I seemed as in a 'wild'red dream,
Till I woke where now I stand,
And to this dreary spot I deem
I have come at his command.

"Fear not, thou," did the angels say,
"May thy heart no more have pain,
For ere hath dawned the light of day
Thou shalt see thy home again."

And ere had dawned the morning's beams,
As did the kind angels say,
She roamed beside the silver streams
Of home in the Milky Way.

SONG.

WHEN the moon by clouds is hid from sight,
And the curtains of darkness are drawn,
When I muse alone in dead of night,
Then cometh the thought of one that's gone.

O the thought of him unto my heart
Is like all that's blessed and sweet below,
And if in my dreams it forms a part,
Gladly the visions do come and go.

Like all that is holy, pure, and dear,
Like all that's known that the heart loves best,
Like the rainbow of eve or starlight clear,
Like to holy, calm, sabbatic rest.

How sacred the love I bore to him!
I never breathed it in mortal ear!
Yet oft-times now in the twilight dim
I think I'd tell him if he were near.

When the woods are crimson, green, and gold,
When the winds howl hoarse and waters rise,
Then cometh the thought of one that's gone
To a sunny home 'neath southern skies.

RESPONSE.

I DWELL in the city's crowded maze,
She in the forest green;
And the broad Atlantic rolls its waves
Eternally between.

She may trip o'er the lawn in her glee,
Or sing of mountain fay;
But her mirth of song is naught to me,
We're parted now for aye.

She is wooed by a tall warrior,
'Tis nothing now to me,
Save that I was dearer once to her
Than Brunswick e'er could be.

I love her with love so fond and deep,
A love that may not die;
But when my body in death snall sleep,
'Twill live beyond the sky.

THE RESCUE.

I COULD not sleep that drear night long,
Such wild thoughts burned my brain;
They dried the tears that fain had flowed,
With their fierce, fiery pain.

So 'neath the vaulted casement crouched,
I gazed with strange delight
Through the thick, clustering ivy leaves
Upon the boisterous night.

The strong winds on the rugged rocks
Dashed the white, foaming spray;
Boomed round the lonely battlements,
And swept the turrets grey.

The pale light of the gibbous moon
Streamed through the parted clouds;
She hid her silvery face anon
In their dim, misty shrouds.

Then saw I many a white robed maid
And gallant, armed knight,
'Neath frowning rock and leafy shade
Glide in the ghastly light.

"Ye ghosts of my illustrious sires,"
I breathed in ardent prayer,
"Have pity on the captive child
Of your last, injured heir."

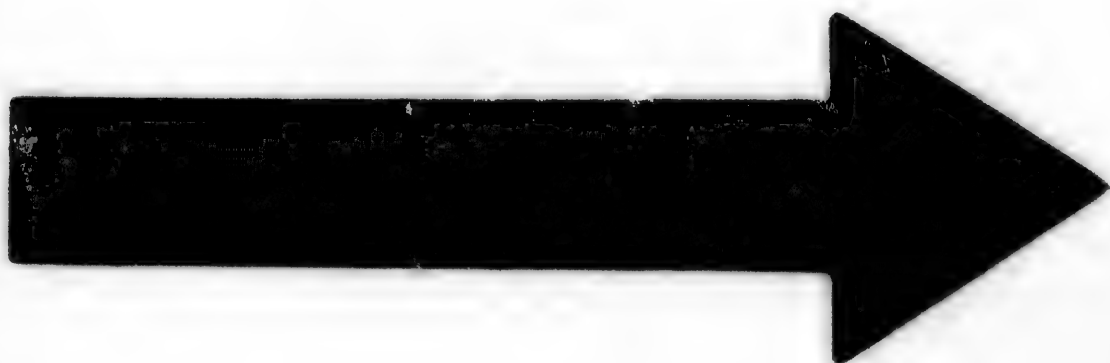
"There's one," thought I, "o'er that broad sea,
"Who pledged his ardent faith;
Knows he his loved one's fate must be
More fearful far than death?"

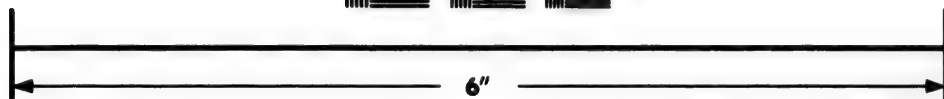
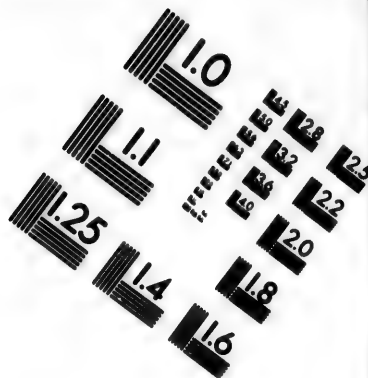
I had no need to doubt his troth,
I knew him brave and good,
And he had pledged his sacred faith
Upon the Holy Rood.

Yes! he had sworn by leave of doom,
When one year passed away,
To bear me from my gorgeous tomb
Forth to the light of day.

But what ere that! the fearful thought,
I drove it far away;
Then, as the darkness of the night
Merged into twilight grey,

The signal that I longed to hear
Rang through the turret lone;
I waited not to braid my hair,
Or clasp my jewelled zone.





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I HAVE SINNED.

"I have sinned and perverted that which was right, and it profiteth me not."— *Job* 33, 27.

E'EN from my childhood's days,
From the sweet dawn of life,
Ere yet my feet had trod the ways
Of weariness and strife:

Yes! from my cradle day,
My strong, impetuous will,
Perversely shunned th' applauded way,
And loved forbidden ill.

The ill that ever brought
But suffering and distress,
My childhood's sins ne'er gained me aught
Of joy or happiness.

Youth's blessed season through,
On hills all cultured fair
I sowed: the sunshine, rain, and dew
Nurtured but weed and tare.

Yet vainly did I dream
From seed of poisonous stock,
I should a wholesome harvest glean
In many a golden shock.

I looked with longing eyes
Towards each fruitless field,
And saw a Homer with surprise
A worthless Ephraim yield.

Yet in my blank despair
I breathed forth curses wild
Against the hills so brown and bare
While all around them smiled.

I found no bliss nor gain
In my sad, wilful deeds;
I sought, but found no precious grain
Among my noxious weeds.

I said "My hands are pure,
No evil that were sin
Shall ever be discerned sure
To lurk my heart within."

But God's all-searching eye,
That ever sees aright,
Found that my proud iniquity
Was hateful in his sight.

Had I but cast aside
The ill, and sought the good,
My peace had flowed like rivers wide
And swelled as ocean's flood.

But for the moments flown,
Those misspent, youthful years,
No deep regret can e'er atone,
Nor prayers, nor sighs, nor tears.

But with repentance true,
I would the Saviour seek
And cry "My will perverse subdue,
And grant a spirit meek."

Now from this summer day,
That shines so fair abroad,
Be thou my guide, my trust, my stay,
My helper and my God.

THE CONFESSION.

THE silvery waters girt the meadows green,
And the dark forests like a sparkling zone,
Twilight and darkness mingled o'er the scene,
Yet in the west day's radiant footprints shone.

And near the crystal river's grassy side,
There towered to heaven a stately Gothic pile;
The stern confessor, with a step of pride, [aisle.
Paced slowly through the long-drawn, sounding

If Gabriel from his station near the throne
In the third heaven, were driven from glory now,
And doomed a mortal's humble lot to own,
He could not wear a colder, loftier brow.

Another passed those portals opened broad,
A stately footstep up the chancel came;
Before the cross the noble Lady Maud
Knelt in the pale light of the taper's flame.

Few were the words they spake on either part,
And few the sins that high-born maiden told;
His words fell like the snow-flakes on a heart
As chiselled marble in the church-yard cold.

"Be of good cheer, my daughter, evermore;
Be of good cheer, I speak *absolvo te*;
And oft our Holy Lady implore
That thy fair home among the blest may be."

She rose, and turned her, slowly to depart,
That proud and stately dame so duly shriven;
But little pious fervor warmed her heart,
For little sin had been to her forgiven.

OUR FORMER HOME.

THOU dost remember, say dost thou not,
The home where we did dwell?
The old grey walls with the lonely spot
They seemed to suit so well?

And the wind would whisper mysteries wild
Amid the forest pine,
And the sound would blend in autumn night
With th' old cathedral's chime.

And we used to sit in dreamy hours
As twilight passed away,
In that recess all rich with flowers
Of rainbow hues of day.

I will speak no more of bliss that's past,
Or anguish yet to come:
Nor may I e'er tell the mystery
That drove me from that home.

Now the waves are calm, but feeling's wrecks
Are strewn along the shore;
Farewell my only earthly friend,
Farewell my loved Lenore!

THE GARDEN.

I AM told of some garden where cypresses nod
With bowers of the dark night-shade,
Its dark walks by muttering wizards trod,
And their blackest magics played.

There the sound is heard of the raven's mournful
croak,
And the hoarse winds whistling low,
There the human voice hath never spoke
Since the ages long ago.

There a broad river rolleth as dark as the night
By lilies as black as jet;
But 'tis said one rose of purest white
Is upon its margin set.

Sometimes it is said that a shining seraph form
Is seen to be hovering near;
This rose then the white ghosts cease their storm,
And the wizards fly in fear.

No human tongue can tell, and no mortal can think,
So I send my muse away,
Why this white rose by this stream of ink
Never withers night or day.

THE GHOST.

MIDNIGHT breezes coolly sweeping
O'er the meadow and the dale,
Stars their silent virgils keeping
With the moonbeams wan and pale.

From the forest's deep recesses
Darkest shades unseen by man,
Wandered forth the ghost of midnight,
Pale and wasted, worn and wan.

By a glittering, rippling streamlet,
There he stopped in thought awhile,
And across his fleshless features
Passed a darkly vengeful smile.

But it vanished in a moment,
As he glided through the wood,
And beside an ancient castle
Guarded by old trees he stood.

There lay one in manhood's glory
Sleeping 'mid its lordly halls,
But the spirit's noiseless footsteps
Wakened not the echoes' calls.

" May thy foresires' sins be on thee
For my death, though long 'tis passed ;"
Then the strong man's brow grew icy,
As he slowly breathed his last.

Then to death's deepest recesses,
Darkest shades unseen by man,
Wandered back the ghost of midnight,
Pale and wasted, worn and wan.

L I F E.

WHEN the moon of childhood sinks below
The horizon of bygone years,
The breezes of life begin to blow,
And glitters dew of joyous tears.

The heart is light, but the sun rides high,
Our spirits sink as we feel it burn,
And then in our inmost hearts we sigh
For moonlit childhood to return.

But the night of death comes darkly on,
No moon nor star its heavens know,
And gales from the distant, dark unknown,
With damp, cold breath o'er our spirits blow.

BETHLEHEM.

“ And thou, Bethlehem in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel.” — *Mat.* 2, 6.

WHAT spot so hallowed
On all the spacious earth,
As that which gave heaven's glorious king
His humble, mortal birth.

There gushing streams abound,
And groves and vineyards stand,
Amid the song-renowned hills
Of Judah's storied land.

There lowly husbandmen
With steadfast, patient mind,
Cast freely forth the precious seed
To wait the harvest kind.

Their blessed toil was sweet,
Of no fierce power afraid;
There flocks and herds, with willing feet,
Beside all waters strayed.

And those who dwelt at ease
On Zion's favored hill,
Who felt the sound of harp and lute
With joy their spirits thrill.

Those stately lords and dames
Would thither ne'er repair;
There were no gilded palaces,
No ivory couches there.

Though little it might seem
In Judah's royal tribe,
If from it came no mitred priest
Or haughty, learned scribe.

The mighty warrior king
Who ruled with skilful hand
All Israel's tribes, and fixed his throne
On Zion's Mount to stand;

Girt with Jehovah's strength,
From Bethlehem's sheepfolds came,
And gained the lowly, shepherd town
A never dying fame.

And to the meanest roof
'Neath Bethlehem's peaceful skies,
Came heaven's eternal, glorious king,
Clad in an humble guise.

And he, whose right it is,
Shall reign on Zion's hill,
Till peace, and joy, and righteousness
The broad creation fill.

From Asia's eastern bound
To earth's most western shore,
All kindreds, nations, tongues, and tribes
Shall His great name adore.

O for the light and joy
His coming shall impart!
O might His kingdom now begin
In my poor, troubled heart.

TO A WILD VIOLET.

THOU wakest in my heart more emotion
Than richest spoils of war —
Than costliest gems from the ocean
Where mighty waters roar.

Not alone for thy downy purple,
That fills the soul with bliss;
Not alone for thy fragrant odour,
Sweet as an angel's kiss:

But thou speakest gently to my mind
Of days and years gone by,
When I basked in pleasure's pure sunshine
'Neath childhood's cloudless sky,

When I fondly dreamt of Oberon,
In pearl and crystal crowned,
While on the moonbeams, silvery bright,
The fairies danced around.

Or some lonely mossy mountain dell,
The wood nymph's wild abode,
O'er which would the snowy laurel twine,
And the gloomy cypress nod.

Or of waters all sparkling brightly
In lunar's fitful beam,
And the weeping willow bending low
Its branches to the stream.

But alas! how soon the mind awakes
From childhood's rosy dream,
To find earth is not the witching place
That then it used to seem.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY READING LAMARTINE'S ACCOUNT OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

"It appeared to me that the religious doctrines of Lady Hester were a clever though confused mixture of the different religions in the midst of which she had condemned herself to live; mysterious as the Druses, whose mystic secret she of all the world perhaps alone knew; resigned as the Moslem, and like him, a fatalist; with the Jew, expecting the Messiah; and with the Christian, professing the worship of Christ and the practice of his charity and morality: add to this the fantastic coloring and supernatural dreams of an imagination tinctured with Oriental extravagance, and heated by solitude and meditation, the impressions, perhaps, of the Arabic astrologers, and you will have an idea of this compound of the sublime and ridiculous which it is much more convenient to stigmatize as madness, than to analyse and comprehend. She answered, 'You speak to me like a man who believes so much in human volition, and not sufficiently in the irresistible control of destiny alone.' 'Well, in the midst of these tribulations I am happy; I respond to everything by the sacred phrase of the Mussulman's 'Allah! Kerim!' and I await the future of which I have spoken to you, with confidence.'" — *Lamartine's Travels in the East.*

COMMUNING nightly with the solemn sky
As with the spirit of a genial friend,
I learned to know my marvellous destiny,
All its strange leadings and its wonderous end.

And O the zephyrs of the summer even,
Their deep revealings I may not relate;
E'en the wild blast that rent the midnight heaven
Bore voices loud, discoursing of my fate.

I scorned the glittering pomp of Albion's court,
The heartless pleasures of proud Gallia's land,
And the bright East with joyous heart I sought,
Beckoned by destiny's unvarying hand.

The burnished glory of her sunset sky,
The radiant beauty of her rising morn,
Her scenes all seemed not foreign to mine eye,
But as renewal of dreams forgotten long.

I saw rough Lebanon; his time-worn brow
So sparsely with the ancient cedars crowned;
And heard the mountain winds that wildly blow
It's lone and unfrequented heights around.

I trod dark Hinnom's vale, fair Carmel's height,
And sailed o'er the blue waves of Galilee,
In the soft summer, 'neath the tender light
Of Palestina's moon, so silvery.

And from the o'erhanging steep of Olivet
On Salem's desecrated courts looked down,
On shining tower and dazzling minaret
That Moriah's height and Zion's summit crown.

But strong deliverance shall soon be shown,
And Zion's king the sceptre soon shall claim;
Then shall my glorious destiny be known, [name.
Then the wide world shall hear my wonderous

My eyes are Eastern, and my soul is love,
What care I for Europia's cold disdain?
I have a holy mission far above
The mean conception of her spirits vain.

THE ROBBERS.

THE leaves came down in golden showers
Upon my pathway lone,
And 'mid the dark brown forest bowers
I heard the night winds moan,

And murmur sadly, wild, and low,
Like wierd funereal hymn;
A wail for mortal's mighty woe,
Or prayer for crimson sin.

And now it mingled with the sound
Of waters far away,
The old moon showed her wasted round
In skies of midnight grey.

The mud hen of the forest swamp
Joined with the whip-poor-will;
The green frog of the reeking damp
Uttered his nightly trill.

The long grass round my path was stirred
By the cold, trailing snake;
The cricket's weary song I heard
Amid the withered brake.

The bay of watch dogs, deep and strong
From distant homes of man,
Mingled with cattle's bellowing long
From out the river fen.

Now nearer seemed the sound of waves,
And murmurs reached mine ear,
That told me that the haunted graves
Of murdered men were near.

I marvelled if in truth I stood
So near the storied place,
Beside St. John's broad, rolling flood,
Where once in olden days

Its waters mirrored back the light, —
A cottage blazing red,
Lit far around the moonless night
With torch of bodies dead.

A horde of fierce, adventurous men
From Europe's northern climes
Roamed wild—our fathers tell us—then,
And lived by fraud and crimes.

A peaceful man, of little fame,
Save that his wealth was great,
In troublous times to Brunswick came
And lived in humble state.

And with him dwelt three daughters fair,
In polished Europe bred,
And truly, 'mid the woodlands there,
A peaceful life they led.

Secure and quiet deemed they then,
The lonely, forest land,
For kindly dealt its dusky men
With the brave, pale-faced band.

And when the tale of robbers wild
Some passing neighbour told,
Fondly the wealthy exile smiled
To think how safe his gold.

For who, within that cottage white
With rose and wild grape gay,
Would dream that far concealed from sight
Bright golden thousands lay.

It seemed as evil bird of air
Ere long the tale conveyed
To the fierce, lawless theives, of where
The glittering store was laid.

It chanced a wakeful settler heard,
One fair, autumnal night,
The brake hard by his cottage stirred
With stealthy tread and light.

And mutterings in a foreign tongue
He heard in breathless dread,
Tall shadows o'er the path were flung
That towards the river led.

And ere the eastern sky grew bright
With light of coming day,
Where rose the rich man's cottage white
A smouldering pile there lay.

'T may be of chance the flame arose,
But in New Brunswick's land
They deem they perished in repose
By ruthless robbers' hand.

If there was sound of deadly strife
There was no friend to hear;
If wild they strove for precious life,
No helping arm was near.

But that sweet, lonely, peaceful land
Was never vexed again,
With rumors of the lawless band
From o'er the eastern main.

DROWNING.

I WANDERED through a meadow
Where the elm and wild ash grew,
And through the darkening shadow
I saw the river blue.

'Twas said Nereu's daughters
Haunted the lonely isle,
And gazing in the waters,
I wished to muse a while.

The waves no more were rolling,
For the breezes ceased to waft,
So I climbed a slender poling
Till I reached an anchored raft.

I moved as the breezes, lightly,
And as the wild deer, fleet,
But the timbers joined so slightly
They parted at my feet.

The river reeds were limber,
So with a frantic scream
I caught a floating timber
And drifted down the stream.

They cared not or were hindered
To seek me all the day,
For I from home and kindred
Was very far away.

And the thought of death came o'er me
With a terror none can tell,
And the stream it downward bore me,
And I bade the earth farewell.

Farewell my home of gladness
And friends that ever smile,
There must be a cloud of sadness
To darken you awhile.

Farewell thou land of legend
Where Nereu's daughters stray,
May I reach that blissful region
That is very far away.

But I saw a wrinkled visage
Peering from the woods on shore;
Then as if she grasped a presage
Its grey owner snatched an oar.

But the waves were closing o'er me,
For I lost my holding frail;
Thou may'st know that grey crone saw me
Or I ne'er had told my tale.

Though she saved my flesh from drowning
Yet she did me fearful ill,
For she forced my soul to owning
In its every thought her will.

THE ANGEL'S WALK.

Two angels wandered forth
From the realms of light and love
Through blue fields of ether,
The boundless expanse to rove.

They paused. The waning sun
Was turning the clouds to gold;
They saw earth had beauties,
Though the heavens had bliss untold.

Though heaven had glories bright,
Yet the earth seemed new and wild;
They gazed in fond delight,
In rapturous joy they smiled.

Where balmy zephyrs bear
The fragrance from scented glades
Along the cooling air
Unto dark, ambrosial shades,

No tongue might speak its charms,
For it seemed as fairy land;
Sparkling waters wandered
There, over bright, pebbled sands.

With birds and flowers at play,
There was a pure, happy child;
All the long, summer day,
He had wandered through the wild.

'Neath the boughs of an oak
That were stretched towards the sky,
A prayer rose from his heart
To the throne of God on high.

The angels kissed his brow;
He seemed like the cherub forms
That reign in glory now,
Never feeling mortal storms.

In sleep he closed his eyes,
But before the morning broke,
To joys of paradise
By the stream of life he woke.

The angels carried him
To a land more fair than this,
Gilt by summer sunset
With tints of heavenly bliss.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

I HAVE loved this fair creation —
Every cloud, and wind, and wave —
With that warmth of adoration
Nature to my spirit gave;

Hailed the golden morn with gladness
Many a joyous summer day;
No dark thought of coming sadness
Vexed those summers passed away.

Saw the crimson eve descending
On the vale and waters bright;
Well I loved that season blending
Noisy day and quiet night.

O I loved the wild winds wailing
From the sultry southern lands,
And the autumn moonlight paling
Hills where golden harvest stands.

And the rushing of the river,
And the rippling of the rill,
And the aspen leaves that shiver
When the restless winds are still.

And the thunders rumbling hollow,
And the lightning's vivid play,
And the rainbow'd skies that follow
As the dark clouds flee away.

And the blast of winter roaring
Like an angry giant king,
And the cheerful sun restoring
The glad, verdant, flowery spring.

But this world, so fair and fleeting,
May not be our lasting home,
And its joyous days retreating
Tell of evil years to come.

But there is a land whose glory
Knows no change, or cloud, or wane;
Even sweet, inspired story,
Doth not all its bliss explain.

There the dwellers know no sadness,
As they walk in robes of white,
Nor rejoice they with the madness
Of a wild, earth-born delight.

But their peace is like a river,
And their joys are sweet and pure,
And their blessed life forever
Without sorrow shall endure.

VALENTINE TO A LADY.

WHEN the golden morning breaketh,
And the dark'ning shadows flee,
Snow-clad hills and forests glitter,
Then, my love, I think of thee.

And I think as stars are fading
From the heavens, one by one,
Truly light is sweet, 'tis pleasant
For our eyes to see the sun.

But, Eilza, thou art lovelier,
To my heart I well may say;
Fairer than the golden morning;
Sweeter than the light of day.

But the thought of all thy coldness
Seemeth like the wintry rain;
Oft I thought the skies were bright'ning,
But the clouds returned again.

Tell me now, my fair Eliza,
 Truly hast thou never heard
 How the heart grows sick and weary
 With the pain of hope deferred.

Object of my fond affection,
 I can think of naught but thee!
 Maiden of my heart's election,
 Hast thou ne'er a thought of me?

VALENTINE TO A GENTLEMAN.

My dearest grave professor,
 I am smitten mightily;
 Spite my tireless, strong endeavor,
 You have stolen my heart from me.

Why should I let "concealment,
 Prey on my damask cheek,
 Like a worm upon the summer bud,"
 While I have power to speak?

Learned as the famous Thomas Thumb,
 And solemn as an owl;
 Although you look most sagely glum,
 I much admire your scowl.

And O the majesty that there
On form and feature sits;
There's glory in the bristling hair
That shades your "awful lips."

When a smile of dark derision
Shows carnivorous teeth between,
How your glaring orbs of vision,
Like a famished tiger's, gleam.

MURMURS.

MURMURS from the heaving ocean,
Murmurs from the swaying wild-wood,
Murmurs from my troubled youth,
From my restless, yearning childhood.

From the heartless, lustful tyrants,
As a scourge the sceptre swaying,
Murmurs from the cringing millions,
Muttering, cursing, yet obeying.

From marts all thronged and dusty,
Where meet the hoary miser,
The spendthrift driven and jaded,
And the worldly keen adviser.

From many a factory steaming,
From many a steepled city,
Where are gathered in a stone's throw
All we envy, all we pity.

From mansions where are planning
Festive bridal preparations;
From red fields where in conflict
Meet the angry, armed nations.

Murmurs from the ages vanished,
From the future mystery shrouded,
Its strange form shown by prophets
In the distance dim and clouded.

These murmurs I am hearing
When all is still, profoundly,
Evermore these mingled voices
In day and night surround me.

OUR FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY?

“ Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?”

SAGES taught of learned lore,
Poets sang in days of yore,
But the time might no man stay
 When all ties to earth must sever;
Say, our fathers, where are they?
 Do the prophets live forever?

Death awaiteth all alive;
Why for honor should we strive?
We are borne along Time's stream,
 Gales of fortune care not whither.
Say, our fathers, where are they?
 Do the prophets live forever?

Far o'er Jordan's rolling stream,
Shades of which no mind may dream,
There's a blissful, fadeless land,
 Mortal eye hath seen it never;
Where the righteous fathers stand,
 Righteous prophets live forever.

THE OLD MAN'S BLESSING.

I WAS a giddy, thoughtless child,
And 'mid the forest bowers,
I wreathed myself a garland wild
Of summer's early flowers.

Then bounded forth into the light
And gloried in the day;
With flowing hair all snowy white,
An old man crossed the way.

He laid his hand upon my head,
And blessed me three times o'er;
Though seventy years since then have fled
I never saw him more.

I thought of him at evening prayer,
And in the dreams of night,
I saw that old man's snowy hair
All wreathed in rainbow light.

O would it to my tongue were given
To tell you all its power,
For never was a dream of heaven.
More glorious and pure.

Years passed, but nothing new or strange
Came o'er my path the while,
My native village knew no change
Of fortune's frown or smile.

Youth's season came, and I, too soon,
Like all of mortal birth,
Built castles higher than the moon,
That heavy fell to earth.

The moon looked on the slumbering earth,
Light blew the scented breeze
In nooks where sweet, wild flowers had birth
And through the stately trees.

Then with a strange, mysterious grace
I saw that dream again,
Each feature in the old man's face
Precisely seemed the same.

Years quickly passed, and zephyrs played,
Till I, no longer young,
Was left, a pilgrim lone and sad,
My heart with sorrow wrung.

I found that life was saddest truth,
How sad I may not say;
The friends and kindred of my youth
They all were far away.

The sky with mighty winds was riven;
 I dreamed at night's dark noon
 That old man beckoned me to heaven
 And I must follow soon.

BLENDINGS.

AS FAIR and bright as the world may seem
 In its fresh, spring-tide array,
 East winds may spoil all its smiling green
 In one dark, unhappy day.

And the blast of man's ingratitude
 With a bitterer breath than they,
 Hath pierced my heart with its howlings rude,
 In my own life's vernal day.

The summer comes with the bursting bloom,
 And the dews of night are free,
 But rust and mildew will oft-times come
 In their blessed company.

Thus a blight hath fallen on my peace
 In my sweetest summer hours;
 It hath turned to gall and rottenness
 My heart's choice garden flowers.

Autumn hath many a chilling blast,
And it beareth thought of pain,
But its arms are filled with fruitage blest
And vintage, and golden grain

It may chance my own life's autumn days,
Though my head be silvered o'er,
Will quiet, and calm, and happiness
To my troubled heart restore.

The spirit of winter in it groans,
In the fierce, wild, driving storm;
We are sheltered in our peaceful homes
By the fireside, kind and warm.

In life's wintry day, with terrors dark
As death's storm draws on apace,
The Saviour shall prove a sheltering ark
To those who trust in His grace.

LOST.

THE moon looked grim through the thin clouds o'er it,
And the birchen white, like a sheeted ghost,
And the north wind drove the snow before it
Into mighty drifts around every post.

The frost was keen, and the air was bitter,
And the wandering wolves made a hungry moan;
Of such a scene as this it is fitter [known.
To have dreamed in warmth, than have felt and

The black bear long had ceased meandering,
The beaver at rest in his dwelling sat,
And naught through the forest aisles was wandering,
Save only the wolf and the mountain cat.

Naught else save them, and the lonely damsel
Who strayed far that night from her father's home,
Vainly she clambered o'er drift and wind-fall,
And wildly she gazed upon heaven's dome.

But the hounds are out, the menials seek thee,
Thy father himself is the foremost man;
Thy mother weepeth, well may she weep thee!
Nay, let her still hope for the while she can.

Time passes on, and they find her never,
Saving her bleached bones in the wild cat's den;
Her father found her at dawn of summer,
And the smile ne'er sat on his brow again.

NATURE GAVE ME A ROVING MIND.

NATURE gave me a roving mind,
And my thoughts would wander far;
They were bounded not by the horizon
Nor topt by the highest star.

They all, uncurbed, had leave to roam
Through palaces and graves, [gloom,
Through earth, and heaven, and hell's deep
Wild as the winds and waves.

I have listened to the midnight wind,
And dreamed 'twas a demon's yell;
I tried to picture the scene in heaven
When the first archangel fell.

There were wizards' groans in the midnight wind,
As it swept through the haunted grove,
And a sober thought, to my lawless mind,
Was the wildest dream of love.

I built a castle beyond the stars,
Where the fairies might be found;
'Twas built of ether, with moonlight bars,
And vapory bulwarks round.

I have often dreamed of its wonderous grace,
 'Twas so magically fair;
 Though feathery clouds were round its base,
 Its walls were illumined air.

While fancy governed all my thought,
 'Twas with potent spell, and strong,
 But my mind was of fickle, changeful mould,
 And nothing could charm me long.

So I vowed that I would sing no more
 Of the wizards or the ghosts;
 Of the wood-nymph in her laurel bower,
 Or Oberon and his hosts.

Not that I meant to turn from sin;
 But I meant to seek for bliss
 In something more sweet and womanly,
 More human-like than this.

But I felt a restless discontent,
 For comfort was nowhere found;
 The light of fancy had faded out
 And darkness was all around.

But wherefore over those realms of night
 Do my thoughts prefer to stray?
 For the blessed Jesus gave me light,
 And the shadows fled away.

Though a light to lighten my path to Him
Arose in my spirit soon,
'Twas dim at first, 'twas passing dim,
Like the twilight of the moon.

But the shadows that gathered round my soul
At the dawning fled away;
And brighter forever that light shall shine,
Till it rise to the perfect day.

FRAGMENT.

ALONE through drear and marshy fens she wandered,
Where grew the swamp weed, and the waving
rush.

Through thickets then she took her path, unpon-
dered;

Thickets of sapling birch and alder bush.

And yet the wild birds seemed to love their shadow,
As well and gladly did they sing and soar,
As in the pine, the elm, the oak, and willow,
That stately stood around her father's door.

At length she saw the river and the city,
Its roofs and spires all bright with sunset glow;
Full well she knew the righteous seldom pity
Transgressors for the rugged path they go.

And scarce a bow-shot from home's sacred portal,
That same blue river laved the pebbly shore,
She sobbed, " Ah me, was ever lot of mortal,
So drear, so desolate, so dark before !

"And that same sun that shines on his sad daughter
Gilds the white marble o'er my father's grave " —
She spake, and plunged beneath the yielding water,
His honored name from taint of shame to save.

ANTICIPATIONS.

WHEN I sleep in the shadow of death,
Far away from the radiance of time,
A beam from eternity's day
Shall illumine the region sublime.

Then the wintry tempests may rise,
And the slumbering echoes may wake,
Or the thunders may rend the dark skies,
And the earth to its centre may shake.

Or the spring may be fragrant and fair
As it was when I loved it of old,
Or the autumn may wither again
From ages to ages untold.

Or the dew-drops as even may come
To water the flowers that I love,
But a purer and happier home
Is awaiting my spirit above.

O, those realms so ineffably bright,
And those glories untainted by sin!
That radiant effulgence of light
Hath no eye of mortality seen.

And mention shall ever be made
Of aught that the eye can behold,
With those mansions that ever shall stand
Unpurchased by silver or gold.

THE WONDER OF C——.

It is a shame, I've often thought —
A dreadful pity, still I say —
That C—— is not known abroad
As London of America.

Or, better still, 't might be compared
With Athens, Ninevah, or Rome;
For such illustrious geniuses
Hail glorious C—— as their home.

O might the power that on that land
Sheds rife such blessings, rich and rare,
Grant me assistance that I may
Its noblest hero's praise declare.

Don't say he's insignificant,
And meagre both in form and face;
Don't whisper that he lacketh aught
Of manly beauty, strength of grace.

For that inspired-looking mustache
Amplly atones for want of size,
The death-like paleness of his face,
And lustreless, unmeaning eyes.

I'll tell you for your guidance, friend,
If ever you should chance to meet
This strange, two-legged phenomenon
In lordly hall or busy street.

You'll know he's of superior birth,
You'll feel convinced that he should be,
Because, too exalted for the earth,
The occupant of some tall tree.

But as you stand with breath suppressed,
With gaping mouth and lifted hand,
Let sober thought at once suggest
He came from C——'s wondrous land.

THE TWILIGHT CLOUDS.

THE amber clouds, so hugely piled
On the edge of the darkening heavens,
Rise up in forms all wierd and wild
By the restless west-wind driven.

Now rise tall mosques, their minarets
In the light of even aglow;
Now, castle turrets, ivy-grown,
With embattled arches below.

Now giant warrior, clad in mail,
With greaves, and sword, and helmet bright;
Or priest, with censor fuming pale,
And flowing robes of fleecy white.

Now rise a dim and motley crowd —
The turbaned Turk, the hooded friar,
The wizard grey, to earthward bowed,
Or dreaming minstrel with his lyre.

These are the forms of the twilight clouds;
Thus they vary, and take no rest,
Till night's thick darkness blackly shrouds
Day's latest glimmer in the west.

AUTUMN'S BLAST.

THE blast of autumn bindeth
Summer's breezes to its car;
Towards snowy realms it windeth
And its moan is heard afar.

The forest leaves are falling,
Its loud mandates to obey;
And 'mid the branches calling,
Is the wildly solemn lay.

Of bygone days 'tis singing,
When our hearts with hope beat high;
And through sad memory ringing,
Echoes disappointments sigh.